

FEBRUARY 15
1951
TEN CENTS

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

CRISIS 1951



A MACLEAN'S
WORLD REPORT

THE RUSSIANS



If there's a war how will
Russia fight it? An expert
sizes up Soviet strategy

THE WEST



Eisenhower in Europe:
Lionel Shapiro explains
why it's not prepared

THE EAST

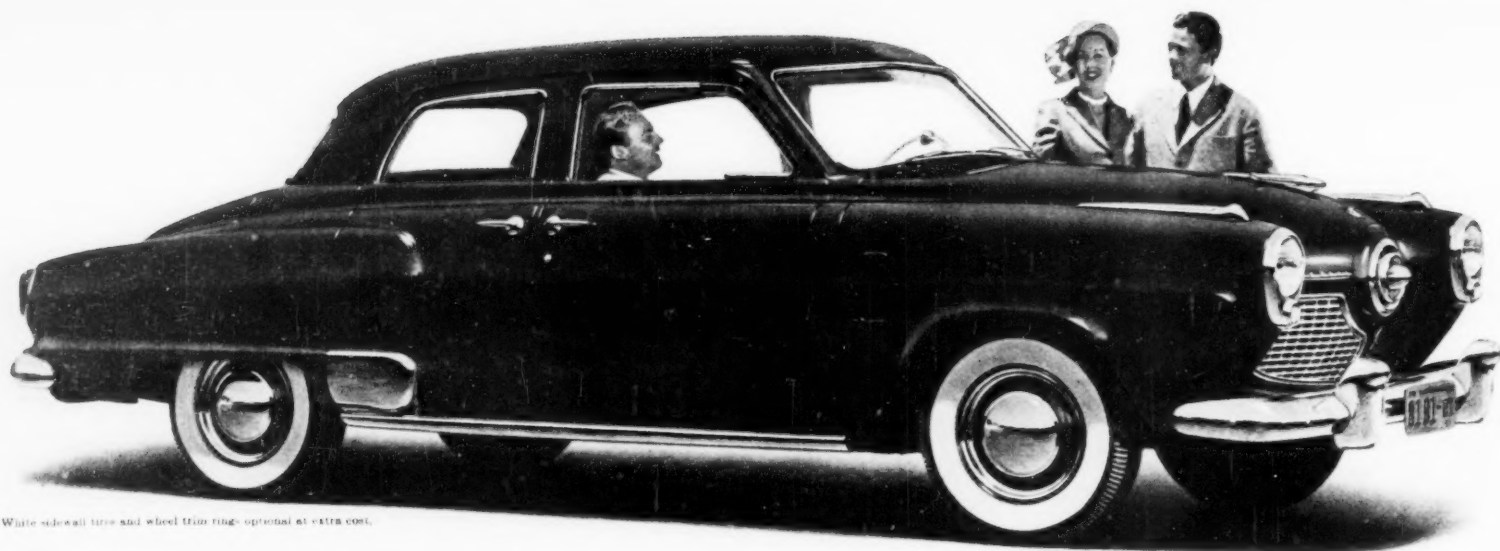


In Asia we have no sure
friends: Blair Fraser's
roundup from the Orient

CANADIAN SOLDIER



"Mad Jimmy" Dextraze is
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him was short but sweet



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You've asked these questions—

You'll want to remember these answers

1 Do pharmacists practice their profession in retail drug stores only?



No, you will find them wherever drugs and medicines are required. Registered pharmacists are included on the staffs of many hospitals. The Army, the Navy, the Department of National Health and Welfare and other governmental departments all have pharmacists performing professional and administrative duties. They also are on the teaching staffs of colleges of pharmacy. Pharmaceutical manufacturers employ them not only to prepare drugs and medicines on a large scale, but also in the laboratories where these products are tested and standardized. Today, there are close to 100,000 registered pharmacists employed in various capacities in Canada and the United States, and of these over 3 per cent are women.

4 Why is it dangerous to try to read or phone a prescription to your pharmacist?



A prescription is a precise document, expressed in technical terms and symbols that can easily be misinterpreted by the public. So, if you attempt to read a prescription to your pharmacist you may fail to interpret it correctly. However, when you give your doctor's *written* prescription to your pharmacist, you can be sure that you have handed him the information he needs to fill the prescription exactly as the doctor intended.

2 What requirements must your pharmacist fulfill before starting his professional career?



(1) He must be a graduate of an accredited college course in pharmacy, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science, and before entering college he must have completed a full high school course. (2) He must have had at least one year of practical experience under the supervision of a registered pharmacist. (3) He must be at least 21 years of age, of good moral character, and meet certain citizenship qualifications.

5 Why is your pharmacist permitted to keep narcotics in his store?



Your pharmacist keeps narcotics in his store because he is authorized to act as the *legal custodian* of these drugs. The supply which he maintains is carefully guarded, and no narcotic drug is dispensed except upon proper medical authorization. Pharmacists strictly observe the regulations set up to prevent misuse of these drugs—a practice that is in keeping with the high ethical standards of the profession.

3 Is there a systematic basis for determining the price of a prescription—or is the cost computed haphazardly?



Yes, there is a systematic basis for prescription pricing. The principal factors involved are the cost of the drugs specified by your doctor, a compounding charge, and the amount of time required to dispense the prescription. Naturally, prescription costs are higher when expensive drugs are required, or when time-consuming procedures are necessary.

6 If you handed your pharmacist an unlabelled bottle, a prescription container with the number defaced, or an envelope with a few loose tablets, would he refuse your request for "more of this medicine"?



Your pharmacist will always refuse to sell any drug that he cannot positively identify. When you request a medicine and give merely a vague description—or present an unlabelled container—you are asking your pharmacist to introduce an element of chance into his professional work. By declining to take such chances he is acting in the interest of your safety and your health.

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EDITORIAL

A Valentine For Rosie the Riveter

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY is now observed chiefly by the very young and the very foolish. For our part, we were content to leave it that way until we read a recent news story out of Ottawa. The Ottawa story said the manpower shortage is getting so serious that the women may soon have to start filling in on the assembly lines again.

In these special circumstances we think it's in order to murmur a special "roses-are-red" for Rosie the Riveter. Rosie may not invite sentiment when she gets back into her overalls and bandanna snood, but she'll still invite sympathy. Women always were entitled to feel worse about wars, and the prospect of wars, than men are. Like men, they are entitled to be shocked, horrified and frequently killed. More than that, they are entitled to be exasperated. For wars which usually get started because men won't act like women never get won until they force women to act like men.

We say this in the utmost seriousness. And we say it not as a reproach to men, but as a reproach to women.

Around the time World War I was ending we men acknowledged, abjectly and without qualification, that we had made a failure of running the world. We invited the women to step up to the ballot box and do better, or help us men do better. Women's suffrage, voluntarily conferred by the votes of men, was accepted by most of the civilized nations.

We don't propose not here anyway to blunder down a cul-de-sac and get involved in the Battle of the Sexes at the social science level. We shall refrain, today at least, from sounding off on Momism, maidism, cleaning-womanism, afternoon-bridgeism, hanging-over-the-damned-telephoneism, and other limited though fearful products of women's rights. We are talking about the political effects of women's rights.

Politically, we're afraid, the dames have reneged on a brilliant opportunity. In theory the women's vote released a great reservoir of

feminine virtues into the stream of world and local politics. In theory it was going to create a softer, more conciliatory atmosphere in the parliaments and councils. In theory the simple principles of good housekeeping—love of order, a desire to keep things clean and quiet—would play a larger part in the business of government than they had played before.

This has not happened. Having won their "feminine" vote the dames promptly turned their backs on "feminism" and made it more certain than ever that the softer attributes of their sex should play no, or little, part in shaping the world's political courses.

Women have almost invariably refused to vote for other women unless these other women have rejected the feminine attributes and become as militant, hyperthyroid and sure of themselves as so many bull rhinoceroses. It is not without significance that the two most powerful political figures who have emerged from the distaff side since women's suffrage became general are Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and Mme. Anna Pauker, each noted above everything else for her iron will and neither a particularly moderating influence on the world's chronic inclination to spit on its hands and start throwing punches.

It's begging the question to say that neither Mme. Chiang nor Mme. Pauker got where she did through the votes of women—or the freely rendered votes of anybody, for that matter. Politically, they are still the most influential products of emancipation.

This has turned out to be a rather sleazy excuse for a Valentine. As Rosie the Riveter moves back to the old stand, trying to win or prevent yet another war, we feel more tender and grateful toward her than we've allowed ourselves to say. We can't help adding that if those muscle-bulges and grease smears affront her femininity at the physical level, she helped to bring them on herself by her own disdain of femininity at the political and moral level.

MACLEAN'S

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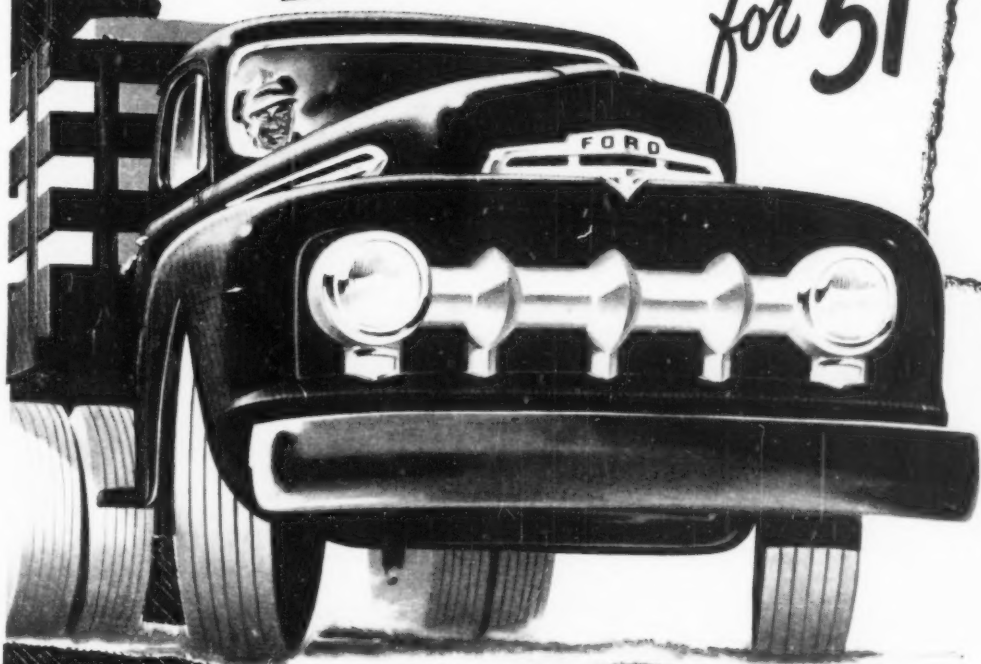
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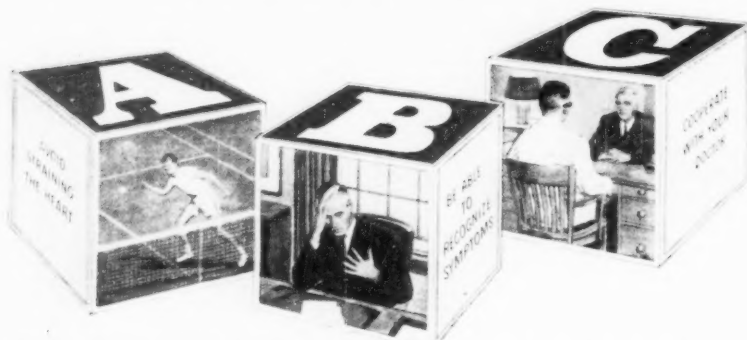


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The ABC's of Heart Disease



A . . . Avoid putting unnecessary burdens on your heart

The heart, one of the strongest and most efficient parts of the body, can work year after year. However, as a person grows older, the heart ages too. It may become less adaptable to sudden demands and less able to stand long periods of strain.

Doctors advise those who have reached the middle or later years of life to protect their hearts by following these simple rules:

1. Avoid sudden, violent, or prolonged physical exertion that may overtax the heart.
2. Keep weight at normal or below, as extra pounds mean extra work for the heart.
3. Eat moderately at each meal, as overloading the stomach burdens the heart.
4. Get plenty of rest and sleep to give the heart a chance to restore its strength.
5. Get prompt treatment for any illness, as it may put an added strain on the heart.
6. Avoid fatigue — learn to "take it easy."
7. Have periodic physical examinations which enable the doctor to check on the heart, and if necessary, to suggest additional measures to keep it in good condition.

B . . . Be able to recognize the symptoms of heart disease, especially after age 40

Although heart trouble may occur at any age, it is much more common in middle and later life.

When something is wrong with the heart, warning symptoms usually appear — such as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, unaccountable shortness of breath, rapid or irregular beating of the heart, and excessive fatigue.

These warnings may or may not indicate a heart disorder. Such symptoms may sometimes be of nervous origin. If they do appear, it is wise to consult the doctor. By acting on these warnings in time needless worry may be avoided, and prompt treatment can often be given to help keep the condition under control.

C . . . Cooperate with your doctor

If the heart is weakened by disease or by the demands of over-strenuous living, its ability to continue working is curtailed. Even an impaired heart, however, has remarkable reserve powers to carry on, provided measures are taken to conserve its strength.

Medical science has made notable gains against heart disease. There are now more effective means than ever before for controlling many diseases of the heart — even some of the serious types. Doctors also can detect heart ailments earlier and diagnose them more accurately than ever before.

Learning to live with heart disease, however, depends largely on close and continued cooperation with the doctor — in observing faithfully the special rules and requirements which he may impose.

Today, with proper treatment, many people with heart disease may recover completely, or resume a practically normal life.

For more information about how to protect your heart, write for a copy of Metropolitan's free booklet, 21-M, "Your Heart."

The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund is playing an important part in the war on heart disease. The Fund, in which 146 Life Insurance Companies participate, now supports more than 50 different research programs. These deal with the problems of heart disease, in the hope that more effective methods of diagnosis, prevention and treatment may be found.



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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Too old at 71 for a conqueror's fame?

INSIDE STALIN, MAYBE

RECENTLY in England a war game was played by staff officers undergoing a course. If this sounds frivolous let me explain that the term "war game" is a long-established one in the training of the staff. And it means exactly what it says — two sides are chosen and pretend to be at war.

One side was Russian, the other British. The Russian team had received orders from the Politburo to make total war against the West. The British were to go into action as part of the Atlantic Treaty Force, carrying out their part of the Allied world strategy.

Once the rules were understood the game began with both sides seeking to counteract the designs of the other and, in turn, to conduct offensive as well as defensive measures.

The Russians at once attacked Turkey and Norway and moved swiftly toward Persia in an attempt to secure the oil fields before they were destroyed. The Turks fought bravely but were overcome not before taking a heavy toll. The Persian oil fields were destroyed before the Russians got there. Meantime the Russians were starting the sweep into Europe with the idea of getting to the Channel ports from which they could dominate the British Isles.

Suicide Russian planes dropped atomic bombs on New York and also on Seattle, the latter being for the purpose of keeping a large U. S. army pegged down on the western coast. Five atomic bombs were dropped on London, and the principal British ports were also hit. In the meantime Russian submarines had been sent in full force to blockade Britain, thus using the same technique as Hitler.

All this was based upon the existing strength of the Allied forces and the assumed strength of the Soviet. And now comes the strange part of this story. The Russian team found that

they were having a far worse time than they had anticipated.

By the verdict of the referees the Soviet Army took more than two months to reach the Channel ports. The difficulty of maintaining supplies had proved enormous, and the power of defensive armaments on chosen strategic lines had also proved that numbers alone cannot secure a swift victory.

Moscow had been atom bombed and the industrial centres of Russia were being wiped out. Their oil wells at Baku were in flaming ruins and there was the greatest difficulty in keeping open the communications between military units and the General Headquarters.

Once more the Channel was an unbridgeable anti-tank defense, so that a swift invasion of Britain was impossible. On the other hand Britain was being heavily punished by bombs and long-range artillery fire. The new submarine detection methods were taking a heavy toll of Russian submarines.

With Europe in chaos and supplies running short, the tremendous strength of North America was mounting with every new day. I assume that the Chinese Army was overrunning Asia, but in this particular war game Russia was concentrating on Europe as the decisive field of battle.

It is not a pretty picture I have drawn and the sum total of human misery would be beyond calculation, but the interesting feature is that the Russian team found, like Napoleon and Hitler, that the sea held them at bay and time was not on the side of Russia.

My contact in these paper manoeuvres was only with the Russians. And therefore I have not got the faintest idea how the allied forces were deployed. All we know is that the Russians were having more and more headaches. There for the moment we shall leave the game and allow the

Continued on page 52

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

We're Closer Together Than We Think

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS people here are worried at the rising tide of anti-American feeling, not only in Canada but throughout the free world. Worried, and also a little annoyed.

"It's the cheapest way to evade your own responsibilities and excuse your own inaction," one of them remarked. "Just now you're sure of getting lots of applause and sympathy if you throw up your hands and say, 'How can anybody work with those Americans? We never know what they're going to do next.'"

"It's true, of course; quite often we don't. But the way things are now who knows what he himself would do next if he were in President Truman's shoes?"

Actually, the differences between American and other non-Communist statesmen are smaller than they seem and very much smaller than the vast area of agreement.

"Mostly it's a difference of degree," another official explained. "You're confronted with a new situation and the problem is to estimate the danger in it. Americans, lately, have tended to see more danger in each new development than we have, or the British. But when you take your eyes off the immediate problem and look at the whole world picture you see that the over-all danger is so great and so terrible that the difference between our judgment and American judgment becomes very small.

"And don't forget, they may be right and we may be wrong. This is no time for anybody to feel infallible."

Ironically, the public resentment of American "high-handedness" and

"bull-headedness" reached a peak after American officials had taken great care to mend their ways and deal with other countries politely. A few months ago Canadian and European governments did have some reason to feel they were being pushed around occasionally. Louis A. Johnson, the former and unlamented U. S. Secretary of Defense, was a good deal of a bear at international conferences. But his successor, General George Marshall, is precisely the opposite courteous, forbearing, constantly leaning over backward to make sure everybody is persuaded and not coerced.

"Marshall is one of the greatest men living," said a Canadian who has dealt with him intimately.

Ottawa remembers what some people forget: that U. S. foreign policy in the past five years has to its credit an exploit unique in all history. General Marshall gave his name to a stroke of inspired generosity which defeated Communism utterly in the political struggle for Western Europe. That colossal victory was won, not only without costing a single human life, but instead with the salvation of thousands.

Dean Acheson, now Secretary of State, was the first to announce the intended Marshall Plan, some time before General Marshall himself made his memorable speech at Harvard. And the United States Congress, the object of so much recent scorn, voted the money to back him up.

So much for the unfairness and the buck-passing. A third reason for impatience is that much criticism of American

Continued on page 46



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To commemorate the 200th anniversary of Cronstedt's discovery of Nickel in 1751, the Royal Canadian Mint has this year issued a new five-cent coin. This coin, like previous five-cent pieces, is made of pure Nickel.



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THE RUSSIANS



IF WAR COMES, THIS EXPERT ON RUSSIAN MILITARY THINKING SAYS, THE REDS WILL PROBABLY:

- **Invade Alaska in force**
- **Drop Siberian bands in Canada's North**
- **Strike early for Middle East oil**
- **Not be beaten by atom bombs alone**
- **Exploit a secret we refuse to learn**

By NICHOLAS IGNATIEFF

TOWARD the end of World War II I attended a meeting at which a group of British and Soviet tank experts were discussing the Red Army's medium tank, the T34. The British experts conceded the Russian tank had a fine engine, good armament and was hard to hit. But they pointed out that it had a very unwieldy clutch. The Russians agreed: "Sure it has. But this is a simple clutch to make and we needed a lot of them in a hurry." The British said the hatch on the Russian tank was extremely heavy and cumbersome and provided the only means of escape if the tank was hit. The Russians' reply was: "If the tank gets hit what good is the crew, anyway?" Finally the British said: "Your tank has cramped quarters. Where does the crew stow its rations and blankets?" The Russians replied: "They don't need blankets and the food is back in the kitchen."

This conversation pointed up for me the fundamental difference of approach to modern war which divides Russian thinking from Western thinking. Instinctively, Western military leaders are willing to recognize that in war the individual and his creature comforts should lose significance, but in practice they find this difficult to act on. As a result it takes seven noncombatants to keep one man fighting in the British Army, whereas in the Red Army the ratio is no more than 2 to 1.

There are, of course, those who believe the next war will not require the use of armies—that it will be a push-button war and that as long as we have more atom bombs than the Russians we can win it easily in a matter of days, if not hours.

The increasing boldness of the Soviets, as well as a careful examination of what happened to Hitler's blitzkrieg tactics in Russia, suggest that Russia may not be as vulnerable to blitzkrieg, either atomic or non-atomic, as we would like to think. If this is true, any hope of forcing a settlement with the Communist world by relying exclusively or mainly on the atom bomb might prove illusory.

It should be fairly obvious that to effect a settlement we must possess strength which the Communist world recognizes as real strength. For that reason we must have an intelligent appreciation of their concept of war—both in its minutiae and in its great strategic concepts, however unorthodox these may appear to us.

If, as a result of this unorthodoxy, the Russians should invade Alaska, instead of dropping atom bombs on New York, how easy will it be for us to defend or recapture it? Would part of their purpose not be to pin North American attention on the defense of North America while they extend their hold on Asia and Europe and exploit the immense manpower and potential industrial resources of that area for a life-and-death struggle against this continent?

As the world enters a critical stage of negotiations with the Communists, surely we must be armed with a realistic appraisal of the true balance of strength between the two power blocs and be certain that weaknesses on our side are corrected before we plunge into a major war.

We must evaluate correctly Soviet unorthodoxy in modern war. And our experience in Korea suggests that perhaps even on the highest level we have not fully grasped the essential features of Soviet strategy and tactics.

In war what is orthodox? Until the Second World War the general staffs of most civilized nations thought they knew the answer. They regarded themselves as gentlemen in an honorable profession which fought according to rules. The laws of war were both a code of military ethics and principles for the development of sound strategy and tactics. These gentlemen never thought of war as bloody mass murder. Civilians were only hurt if they got in the way.

Hitler was not a gentleman and he changed all that. He unleashed total war a new concept which caught orthodox general staffs napping even though the Press had forecast this development years before the Second World War.

Hitler's conception of blitzkrieg was a paralyzing blow by massed air and armored formations against the life centres of the enemy, calculated to spread such terror and destruction that the will to resist would be broken at a stroke.

After some qualms and arguments Western military thought accepted the Hitlerian concept and proceeded to apply it to Germany and finally, in its ultimate form, by dropping atom bombs on Japan.

The fact that the methods of the German blitzkrieg failed against Russia, just as the Japanese blitzkrieg failed—Continued on page 42

THE AUTHOR: Few men this side of the Iron Curtain are better qualified than Nicholas Ignatieff to discuss the nature and probable consequences of Russian military thinking. His family is deeply rooted in Russian history and played a prominent part in building the Russian state. One of his forebears fought with Alexander Nevski against the Teutons in 1242. His three immediate forebears held cabinet rank under the Tsars, his grandfather being prime minister to Alexander II and his father minister of education in the last cabinet of Tsar Nicholas. In 1919 the family fled the Communist regime to England. The author is a trained engineer who knows Northern Canada intimately. He went overseas in 1940 as a lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Engineers. Because of his knowledge of the Russians he was seconded to the British War Office for intelligence duties to assist in plotting the probable actions of our Russian allies, who volunteered little of the information so vital to our own strategy. He became head of this section of intelligence and was decorated by the British and Americans. He retired with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1947 and is at present Warden of Hart House, University of Toronto. Ignatieff spends the summer at his homestead in Northern B.C. near the Alaska Highway—which, he points out in the accompanying article, may be on Russia's doorstep if war comes.

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ASIA

The turbulent millions of Asia may fight for their independence but it's unlikely they'll help preserve ours. If we really want allies in the East it's a race against time to win them



Blair Fraser, Ottawa editor of Maclean's, just back from a world tour, points out the part Canada can play to woo Asia to the West.

WESTERN democracies have no reliable friends in all Asia today. We need friends there and we may be able to win them, but we have none now.

Militarily, of course, we haven't a hope. The continent is dotted with lamentable proof of this. Korea, Malaya, Indo-China all demonstrate that the Asian may fight to change the *status quo*, but will not fight to defend it.

The seeming exceptions hardly bear scrutiny. Chiang Kai-shek's 620,000 troops may be useful auxiliaries if war with Red China is both inevitable and imminent. If war can be averted or even postponed they are considerably worse than useless.

In Macao, the tiny Portuguese colony down the coast from Hong Kong, I got a glimpse of Chiang's standing with the Chinese. Chiang has a consul there, a wizened little grey man named Kuo. Mr. Kuo lives in such daily terror of assassination that he won't even answer his own doorbell.

We rang for 10 minutes, outside a massive barred iron gate, before anyone came at all. Then a little

By BLAIR FRASER

coolie who spoke no English informed our guide that Mr. Kuo was out, out to lunch, wouldn't be back for hours. He had gone home, a long piece away, and he had no telephone there.

"I know Mr. Kuo," said our guide. "He lives right here, upstairs. We'll keep trying."

More conversation in Chinese, while we showed various official-looking documents. Finally we got into the entrance hall and then, after a long silence upstairs, Mr. Kuo himself appeared. We noticed that even in Chiang's own consulate, Chiang's picture no longer hangs. It has been replaced by that of Sun Yat-sen, a hero common to every Chinese since 1911.

"Mr. Kuo is very timid," said our guide as we came away after a short and fruitless discussion. "He does not go out at all. He is afraid he will be killed."

In British Hong Kong, a more orderly town, you

don't find open terror. The 2 million Chinese are docile enough under the rule of 20,000 whites and 30,000 British regulars. But no one—not even among the hopefuls who tell you Hong Kong can be defended against "any attack short of World War III"—pretends that these swarming slum dwellers would fight in defense of the colony. They'll take what comes.

All these toe holds on the edge of Red China will be held, if they are held at all, by Western power virtually unaided; in other words, by white soldiers. For friends in Asia we must look elsewhere, to either end of the continent—83 million Japanese, 400-odd millions in India and Pakistan.

Even there we need not look for allies, except in case of direct attack. India and Pakistan each regard the other as the real enemy; both are resolved not to be dragged into the quarrels of Europe and America. As for the Japanese, they got total disarmament written into the constitution dictated by their conquerors. They won't willingly take it out to fight in their conquerors' war.

But if the war should cool down again into the political conflict we have known for five years the West can win friends in Asia, firm useful friends who will hold what is left of the continent for freedom and democracy. We can win them, but we haven't done it yet. We haven't even started doing it.

Japan, the ex-enemy, is perhaps the nearest thing to an ally we have now in Asia. Japan was helped enormously by the United States—\$2 billions in five years and the Japanese seem genuinely grateful. Temperamentally, at least, they are on our side.

Economically they can't be, not as we seem to want them to be. Any Japanese, be he Right, Left or Centre, will tell you "Japan cannot live without China. We must trade with China or starve."

Japan will be near enough to starving anyway, with 40% of her land area gone and 40% of her capital assets destroyed. U. S. occupation authorities forbid her to trade with China now and make up the gap with direct dollar aid. If we are in for an immediate full-scale war with Red China, Japan can probably make a fair living as a friendly neutral or even as a passive co-belligerent.

One day last summer a friend of mine had dinner with a leading Japanese politician, a man noted for pro-American sentiments. His young daughter, with tattless but revealing candor, said, "This war of yours in Korea is providential for Japan. We hope it goes on and on." *Continued on page 39*



Starvation is an age-old part of Asia's history. And while the spectre remains, the political and even military issues which worry the West must seem unreal to most Asian eyes.

... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951...

EUROPE

With neither the strength nor spirit to fight. West Europeans refuse to believe war is near. And if war did come they're not sure the U.S. would defend them against a Russian attack



GIs patrol the German border. But Russia fears American production more.

PARIS—Early in the last war I crossed the ocean in a Liberator bomber. In 14 hours I was transported from the normal life of New York to a shattered but defiant London. The contrast was great, but in some ways hardly greater than the contrasts which greeted me a month ago when I flew from New York to Montreal and TCA brought me to London in 14 hours.

In New York the people were awaiting the proclamation of a national emergency. Civil defense plans were under way. The conversion of industry had begun. Off Long Island jet fighters were regularly patrolling the air approaches to the city. Newspapers were filled with black headlines about the war in Korea. The people were psychologically attuned to crisis. One afternoon a fuse blew out on a Manhattan subway train and passengers struggled out of the cars into the dark tunnel, screaming that an atomic bomb had exploded.

In London, less than 24 hours later, people talked mostly about the cut in the meat ration, the difficulty of getting whisky but the great abundance of gin. Businessmen talked of the rosy prospects of tourist trade during the Festival of Britain this summer. The front pages found space for news from Korea but much more space for movie stars and murders and the fact that Princess Margaret is sporting a print scarf which bears the legend, *Toujours l'Amour*. War? They may be worrying about it in Whitehall but not much beyond the Georgian doors of the Foreign Office.

In Brussels the conferees at the foreign ministers' meeting of the Atlantic Pact nations talked of crisis but what they saw on the Boulevard Adolph Max was the most brilliant electrical display in Europe. Brussels merchants are out to get tourist business from France, Holland and Britain, and the electrical display was the opening phase of a three-year program to make the capital more attractive. In France the people grumbled about strikes and the rising cost of living and, of course, about the politicians. War? You won't find anyone to discuss it. The people have shut it out of their minds.

The contrast poses a puzzle for the observer fresh from America. Here, in the cradle and probable arena of the next war that America is preparing for so feverishly, you can't raise a discussion about war, much less a reasoned argument.

In a small pub just off the Strand, near Aldwych, the barmaid's face was familiar. I had seen her in 1941, in that dreadful autumn when Nazi

By LIONEL SHAPIRO

legions stood on the Channel and at the approaches to Moscow, when England stood alone and seemingly bereft of hope. I asked her then: "What would you do if the Germans came across?" She smiled a crooked smile and passed her hand over the necks of beer bottles which lay on a low shelf beneath the bar. She said: "If I can't find a gun to shoot I'll bash 'em with these."

Today I had another question to ask her—"Do you think we'll have a war in 1951?"

"You people from America are all the same," she said shrilly. "Always talkin' about a war. Listen, dearie, there won't be a war. Who wants it? Maybe you people from America but that's all, that's all. Only you people from America."

I asked the question differently from a deep leather chair in the office of an ambassador of one of the principal members in the North Atlantic Pact: "Are the nations of Western Europe going to plunge as far, as fast and as deep into the American conception of the crisis as would be indicated by their quick adherence to Dean Acheson's proposals and leadership in Brussels?"

The ambassador answered: "The nations of Western Europe don't necessarily approve of every

move or of every policy of the United States in dealing with the crisis, nor do they believe in many cases that war is imminent or inevitable or even probable. One or two are absolutely convinced Russia does not want war now. Others who take a more serious view of Moscow's intentions feel that wise cool-headed diplomacy can avert war. All Western Europe is now beginning to recover its economic fitness and its governments know it will be a difficult job to turn their people back to the economic waste and personal sacrifice of full preparation for defense."

The barmaid and the ambassador had spoken accurately. Each represented a phase of the dilemma attending Europe's participation in the struggle between the great antagonists of East and West.

The dilemma is this: There is a cleavage between American leaders and European leaders to a certain extent on the seriousness of the crisis and to a greater extent on the methods and sacrifices necessary to avert a world war. There is full agreement only on the proposition that a world war would be catastrophic for both victor and vanquished.

And there is another cleavage, this one between European leaders and their peoples. The peoples of Western Europe are beginning to breathe again; they are exhausted by suffering and sacrifice. With that bittersweet hope which is the prerogative of the extremely weary they look to better things this year and still better the next. Their leaders, sitting in solemn conference, may heed the call to duty and sacrifice. But can they convince their peoples?

We have, then, a double cleavage between the vibrant, vigorous, aroused people of the United States, who are abreast of and even ahead of their leaders, and the weary peoples of Western Europe, who lag far behind their own governments. This double cleavage is the crux of the problem in the Atlantic Pact family.

It is the problem to which General Eisenhower must address himself initially if he is to have a hope in heaven of organizing a vibrant spirit of defense in Europe.

That Eisenhower himself regards this as his primary problem was broadly apparent the moment he arrived in Europe not long ago. In every statement he emphasized the necessity of arousing the people of Western Europe to the urgency of their own defense.

It was beautifully

Continued on page 37



Lionel Shapiro left New York in the middle of a war scare. He found a contrast in Europe.

CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951...

THE CRISIS AND THE



"Mad Jimmy" got his D.S.O. from Montgomery for gallantry near Falaise. The bar came when he won the surrender of a general.

Winning two D.S.O.s by the time he was 25 didn't mean the end of war to Lieut.-Col. Jimmy Dextraze of the Van Doos. A strong sense of duty pulled him from his \$10,000-a-year job and his family to meet a new crisis with the Special Force



Dextraze has spent three of the last eight years with his family. Now his three boys, Dickie (at left), Jackie and Bobby follow their hero's exploits in the newspapers.

... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951... CRISIS 1951...

COLONEL

By PIERRE BERTON

SINCE he has been old enough to vote, the several careers of Jacques Alfred Dextraze have been inexorably entwined with the crises of our times. For him, the Crisis of 1951 is only another knot in the long skein of public tribulations which have tangled the personal lives of most of us. His own life has been moving in fits and starts for a decade: from crisis to crisis, from civilian to soldier, soldier to civilian and back to soldier again. Although he has been married for more than eight years he can only be said to have had three years of normal home life. The rest of his days have been spent getting adjusted to war and to peace and back to war again.

The Crisis of '51 sees him commanding the second battalion of the Royal 22nd Regiment which is part of the brigade group or "Special Force" that Canada has placed at the beck and call of the United Nations. It is another turning point in a seesaw career which has cast him as assistant shipping clerk at 19, private soldier at 21, lieutenant-colonel at 24, lumberjack at 26, company executive at 30 and now lieutenant-colonel again at 31.

His financial status has been subjected to the same wild caprice. In 1941 as a civilian he was making \$780 a year. In 1945 as a soldier he was getting \$5,000. He quit the Army to go into the woods at \$2,000. In three years he had worked himself up again to a job that was worth something like \$10,000 to him, with a promotion in the offing. He threw it all up last August to go back on Army pay.

Only a man with a strong sense of purpose, a prodding conscience and a toughness of spirit and body could do these things. Dextraze has been developing such qualities since he was a boy in Montreal. He was, as his father put it, "a rough guy" who went hunting at eight, read cowboy stories and war books (Napoleon was a favorite) and broke windows and crockery.

"The boy is either going to be a big zero or else an A-1 man—there's no in-between with him," Fred Dextraze said, and packed him off to boarding school where he could learn English and get some discipline.

After school at 17 he started as office boy for the Dominion Rubber Company Ltd. at \$1 a day. He wouldn't work for his father, a man of bold resolve who in his 40th year had quit the shoe business to launch himself in paper boxes. "Our temperaments," said Jimmy Dextraze, "are too much alike. There would be a clash of personalities."

He followed the austere pattern of the 30s, took his girl to a regular Saturday night movie and after-show sundae, read a lot, worked hard at night school twice a week, but had few close friends. When war broke out he was 19. He tried to join immediately, without telling anybody, and was rejected for flat feet. He took exercises to try and right this without much success. In 1941 he got into Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal, flat feet and all. The deficiency didn't stop him from winning two D.S.O.s in the field.

He rose quickly from private to corporal to sergeant. He was a good soldier who never went AWL or had a crime on his sheet. At officers' school he was second in a class of 500. On embarkation leave he married his sweetheart, Françoise Paré, against her father's wishes. She did not see him again until the end of the war, more than two and a half years later, and by then he had a two-year-old son.

While he was at officers' school his battalion had been cut to ribbons at Dieppe. Dextraze was one of 65 new officers sent up as potential reinforcements. Lieut.-Col. G. J. Gauvreau, the commanding officer, chose 30 of them. Dextraze's knees were trembling in terror lest he be rejected. But Gauvreau (later a brigadier) quickly picked him out. "It was the way he stood that impressed me," he said later. "That, and his neatness. You could drop Jimmy Dextraze into mud up to his neck and he'd still look immaculate."

Dextraze rose through nine battalion jobs, from intelligence officer to commanding officer. Gauvreau found him one of the few completely dependable men he ever

Continued on page 10



At Fort Lewis, Wash., Col. Dextraze drives himself, his officers and his men hard. He believes battles are won and casualties are saved by strict training.



With batman Lance-Corporal Arsenault, the colonel snatches a quick coffee on manoeuvres. Fiercely proud of his troops, he says "The battalion is my family."



Wife-Hunt With Tom-Toms

Elephants, camels, fierce savages, tom-toms all over the place. It was a publicity idea. Miss Bing had ideas of her own on how to get a mate. They were effective—if primitive

By LILIAN JACKSON BRAUN

ILLUSTRATED BY DON SEXTON

UNTIL THE Old Boy summoned me into the conference room that particular June day, I must say I had rather fancied myself as a bachelor. I cut a dashing figure, I have been told. Tall. Tweedy. RAF type of mustache—reddish but distinguished. Expense account. Good tailor. And quite a bit in demand for dinner parties, cocktails, sailing week ends and that sort of thing. Then quite abruptly I discovered myself in search of a wife.

The summons I mentioned came via Miss Bing—ridiculous name, what? Miss Bing is the bit of brunette fluff who recently came to preside in the flamingo-and-chartreuse anteroom outside the Old Boy's zebra-striped office. (The decor of the whole place is horribly overdone, but Primitive Perfumes, Inc., always exhibits more exuberance than taste. Nothing at all like my last firm in London: all walnut and brass.)

Miss Bing walked into my office swinging her—that is, swaggering in the audacious manner she affects and accompanied by a gust of Primitive's best-selling perfume: *Zambezi*. On Tuesdays all female employees are required to wear *Zambezi*. On Wednesdays the selection is *Congo*, a beastly odour reminiscent of old harness. On Thursdays, *L'Afrique* and so on. This was Tuesday.

"The boss wants to see you in the Jungle Room, Mr. Trippingham," Miss Bing announced with a flip glance that could hardly be called businesslike.

"Please to pronounce it 'Tripping'm,'" I reminded her. She places a loathsome emphasis on the third syllable. "There is no *ham* in 'Trippingham.'"

"That's what *you* think," and she did some utterly shameless things with her eyes, which I chose to ignore.

The Jungle Room, as the conference room is designated, is decorated with a dense growth of tropical flora, among which lurk items of furniture upholstered in imitation leopard, antelope and crocodile. Occasionally fauna stuffed accentuate the realism. Into this decorative monstrosity I followed Miss Bing, who was ostensibly to take notes on the proceedings. I passed my eye over a gnu and a hyena before finally locating the Old Boy at the far end of the room, half hidden by a thing of red-flowering euphorbia.

The Old Boy is mad—stark mad, I am convinced. To the casual observer he may represent the typical successful executive: he has battened comfortably on the profits of Primitive Perfumes; he has lost hair; his hands shake after lunch. But we who work closely with him are aware of those daily appointments with a psychiatrist . . . and the haunted gleam in his eye . . . and the interminable pacing and perspiring and listening for sounds that are not there.

"Hello," I greeted him. "What's up?"

His gaze was distant and his ear was cocked. "D'you hear something, Trip, like drums?"

I performed the ritual of straining an ear (we always humor him about the tom-toms) and confessed I heard nothing but the several parrots in cages.

"Trip," said the Old Boy, "I'll make this brief." He is always brief—in the manner of a man pursued. "Our Midwest manager is resigning, and the territory is going to need a top-notch executive. The man for the job is either you—or Jim Boomer."

I received the startling news with my usual composure and inclined my head graciously but not too possessively at the compliment.

The Old Boy glanced hastily over his shoulder. "It means full authority. Five thousand more a year. And maybe—someday—a crack at my job. Both you and Boomer are under close observation from now on."

The Old Boy mopped his brow and progressed to a chair nearer the door. He had more to say—about deplorable business conditions. About people who buy pork chops instead of Primitive Perfumes. About our newly christened fragrance, *Safari*, soon to be introduced to the public. With Miss Bing redolent of *Zambezi* on my left and the same perfume coming in a trifle strong through the air-conditioning grill on my right (this being Tuesday), I was feeling a touch of respiratory discomfort when the Old Boy suddenly said, "Ever think of getting married, Trip?"

"I hesitated. 'As a matter of fact—can't say that I have.'"

"Fine thing, matrimony." He was on his feet now and edging toward the exit, with wild eyes searching the vegetation in the far corner. "This job carries obligations. Conspicuous position in the community. Board of directors always prefers a married man. Too bad you and Boomer are both bachelors," and he escaped out the door.

Rolling her active eyeballs at me, Miss Bing slapped her shorthand pad shut and pronounced, "May the best man get the job!"

"More likely the bridegroom," I quipped, feeling rather frisky.

Returning to my own office, which is done conservatively in python with accents of African violet, I considered the prospect of promotion with a good deal of elation. The money and prestige could not be overlooked.

I smiled inwardly, remembering my witty riposte. "More likely the bridegroom!" Clever how I pop out with these things now and then. As a matter of fact, there might be more truth than levity in my *bon mot*; it might be advisable to marry just to be on the safe side. At my age it was high time for a chap to start a family in any event. A man must progress. Good investment, too, in a business sense, indicating integrity, stability, all that sort of thing.

Finding a wife would take a bit of doing, I imagined. As an extra man I had been so confounded busy accepting invitations that I had no particular inamorata to mention. But with this fellow Boomer competing for the post, I could afford to take no chances. *Continued on page 24*



I found her leaning against a tree.
"Alicia!" I cried, bursting with
romance. "You have nice bones!"



BIG MUSIC

For Small People

By JAMES DUGAN

PHOTOS BY MALAK

EVERY winter in the auditorium of the Technical High School in Ottawa a muscular young man with a puckish grin and big square hands walks on-stage before a thousand children and proceeds to take apart a symphony ensemble and throw it at the audience, piece by piece. The kids love it, the adult musicians come back for more, and the strong man, Eugene Kash, is getting world-wide attention for his unique afternoons with great music—the Ottawa Children's Concerts.

Kash does not actually heave the bassoonist into the 10th row, but he has broken through the curtain between audience and orchestra and made his podium an open door to music. Everybody gets into the act.

The solemn symphony musicians get up, one by one, dismantle their instruments for the kids, and put them together to play the distinctive sounds of the French horn or tuba. It's as fascinating as aircraft recognition for a small person who has fallen for the cello and can follow its individual flight with his ear.

Kash exchanges jests with the youngsters and encourages interpolations from them. He brings on dancers and musicians their own age, leads the crowd in singing "Row Row Row Your Boat," and when the big show is over everybody is invited on-stage to get a good look at the instruments.

There are notable practical results after four years of children's concerts. William Amtmann, who directs violin classes in the Ottawa public schools, reports that his 27 pupils increased to 90 in two years. Most of the newcomers were patrons of Kash's concerts. Ottawa kids are blossoming as composers and performers. Other cities are starting juvenile concerts on the Ottawa model.

The concerts are not feasts of Mickey Mouse music for tiny toddlers. Kash's programs are meaty enough for the average adult audience and much more mature than the "pop" concert bills. Last year Kash polled his kids to name a request program. Nobody mentioned "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." The heaviest vote was for Bach's "Little Fugue in G Minor." The audience is aged six to 16.

An Ottawa father recently complained, "The kids should have it so good! The wife made me take our seven-year-old Sandra to one of Kash's concerts. I was figuring on how to duck out for a beer. Kash came out, without wearing evening clothes, and started to gag back and forth with the

Continued on page 31

Small boys are quick converts after whacking the drum. This one learns about the tympani.



Bachelor Kash pats no little heads and shuns baby talk but knows how to make kids sit up and listen.





After the show youngsters go backstage . . . listen to Kash play his violin and ask . . . "What did it cost?" (The answer: \$5,000).

*When Eugene Kash goes on-stage at the Ottawa Children's Concert
he takes the kids
into the fairyland of good music and makes them yell for more.
When he lets them hit the drum
comics and cowboys have to take a back seat to Bach*



Young artists compete in a poster contest advertising the concerts. Season's budget for four programs last year was \$2,000.



Gayelord Hauser mixes himself a shot of his health cocktail: To chopped lettuce, add a minced carrot, stir well with a celery stick.

Brewer's yeast, skim milk, yogurt, wheat germ, blackstrap molasses—these are the "wonder foods" Gayelord advises if you want to be 100. But if you can't give up chicken you'll have to settle for three score and ten.



LOOK WHAT GAYELORD'S
GOT US EATING!

Told he would die at 16, Gayelord Hauser ate his way
to brimming health on a diet that sounds and
(to some) tastes like boiled beaverboard. Now he's making
millions telling millions how to eat to be 100

By JAMES EDGAR

A MAN named Gayelord Hauser has found out how people can live to be 100 years old. He says it can be done by fortifying our meals with powdered brewer's yeast, dry skim milk, yogurt, wheat germ and blackstrap molasses, which he calls "the wonder foods." He advises swearing off white sugar, cola drinks and refined white flour, and reclining every day head down on a 15-degree slant board and drawing in the stomach.

These odd little hints are only part of Hauser's universal compendium on self-improvement called "Look Younger, Live Longer," which is the U. S. publishing phenomenon of the day. As a book it has sold more than 300,000 copies. In magazines and newspapers "LYLL" has been read by perhaps 25 million people in nine languages. Hauser is spreading the word to more millions on radio and television this year. Any day now you may see the green-and-white covers of the book popping out of the shelves in your grocery. A big dairy firm is negotiating for a million copies for groceries, 100,000 of which are for Canada. In short, Hauser is the first author to make books sell better than hot cakes.

In Canada the "wonder foods" are selling fast. Last summer blackstrap sales were slow as molasses—now Torontonians alone lap up 12,000 quarts a month. Two enterprising Toronto dairymen named Alex Filcoff and Jack Robson, who got into the yogurt business on a hunch just before the Hauser opus hit the stands, are selling it at the rate of 15,000 eight-ounce cartons a week—and airmailing it as far as British Columbia.

The Royal York Hotel serves yogurt salad, yogurt appetizer and yogurt fruit salad and gets about 300 requests a month for it. Hauser's book has already sold nearly 5,000 copies in this country. Canada's 20-odd health stores are doing a landslide business in Hauser-recommended foods. And two Toronto women's clubs were recently trying to book Hauser as a speaker.

In addition to slant boards and wonder foods Hauser's book aims at being a cure-all for physical and ego ailments. He covers heart and digestive troubles, diabetes, gallstones, asthma, brittle bones, tooth decay, falling hair, and failing eyesight and hearing. He tells you how to be good-looking, balance your personality, organize public health and practice organic gardening. He gives weight-gaining menus and reducing menus, a "Seven-Day Elimination Diet" and a "One-Day Rest Cure." He tells you how to bathe, dress, and balance your budget.

The best-seller ends with 100 pages of menus and recipes recommended by Hauser. "Look Younger, Live Longer" is a vitamin-charged version of the old-fashioned "Doctor Book" on the parlor table. It covers practically everything.

Hauser not only overhauls our habits. He's also creating a new food industry, booming the health-food shops, and may in the long run alter human nutrition. "This is no mere book that you have in your hands," he announces. "It's a passport to a new way of living and adventure, a journey of discovery." The man may be right.

The medical profession gives Hauser the Mexican standoff. If you ask the authoritative American Medical Association about him it

will send a noncommittal pamphlet which neither praises nor condemns. He hasn't been attacked by physicians, and many independently recommend his ideas to patients.

Hauser's simples are all the result of reputable medical and laboratory research. "Living foods," unrefined natural foods, fresh vegetables and lean meats are sensible, scientifically approved. Hauser's blasts at fried foods, overcooked vegetables and pernicious soft drinks will be echoed by any up-to-date physician. His wonder foods were approved by physicians before Hauser took them off the prescription counter and put them in the grocery.

The slant board, which turns you upside-down to reverse and arouse blood circulation, is approved medically, as is sucking in your stomach to reactivate the abdominal muscles and help you reduce. (Ask any drill sergeant.)

Hauser is not a medical scientist. He's merely the world's greatest propagandist of health research, a remarkable popularizer with the skill to turn the cloistered lab into the kitchen of the millions.

"Look Younger, Live Longer" smashed all the rules of publishing and found its audience because Hauser was playing variations on the oldest and most pleasurable instinct of man—eat to live. Take the wonder foods. Wheat germ, small brown flakes resembling bran cereal, is a by-product of milling white flour. Until Hauser promoted it wheat germ was used mainly as cattle food. He pointed out that the germ is the actual embryo of the wheat berry, containing most of wheat's enzymes, the chemical compounds which cause transformation of tissue in all living things. Wheat germ is packed with vitamin E, iron and all the B vitamins. (Its presence in British wartime bread contributed much to British health.) Hauser's advocacy turned wheat germ from an almost unwanted by-product into one of the liveliest speculations on the grey market.

Powdered brewer's yeast, a by-product of beer-making, was a little-known invalid prescription before Hauser called it the "nonpareil of foods," containing no trace of the villains, sugar, starch and fat, but chuckful of 17 vitamins, including the entire B family, 16 amino acids and 14 minerals. You wouldn't think it to look at it. It looks like pumice.

Hauser calls blackstrap molasses "the Cinderella food." It is, or was, a throwaway of cane sugar refining, used to bind cattle cakes, distill black rum, and as table syrup in poor Southern families. Then Hauser said it was full of iron, calcium and vitamins. That did it. Today the jobber who can fiddle a carload of the stuff has pulled himself up by his blackstrap.

Hauser delivered powdered skim milk from its low esteem by announcing that it is delightfully fat-free but rich in protein, calcium and riboflavin. Now the skimmers are skimming and the vacuum tubes are erupting clouds of the stuff to the great prosperity of creameries which didn't know what to do with it six months ago.

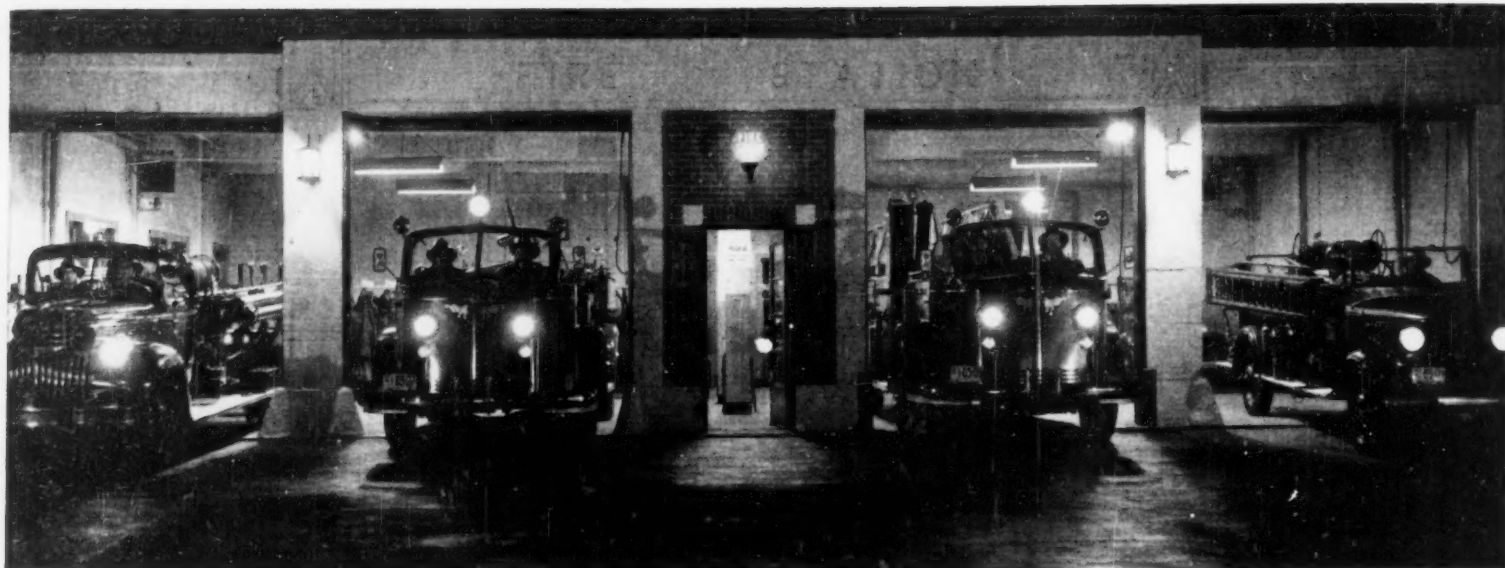
Yogurt, the fifth wonder food, is milk subjected to a simple bacteriological process which produces an organic culture. It has long been known in Europe and is the national delicacy of Bulgarians. Stow some yogurt inside of you, says Hauser, and you have swallowed a vitamin factory. The busy bacteria manufacture vitamins right inside you. *Continued on page 48*



"Look Younger, Live Longer," his runaway best seller, has got thousands of Americans and Canadians lying head-down on a board.



Gayelord's his own best ad. He says he's 60, but the record says 55. The newspaper gossips once called him Garbo's boy-friend.



The best fire department in any Canadian town costs Kentville \$5,000 a year. Unpaid volunteers do the work and even help raise money to buy equipment.

THE FIREMEN WORE TUXEDOS

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY EDWARD A. BOLLINGER

Chief Wade and his award-winning smoke-eaters of Kentville, N.S., let nothing stop them from getting to a blaze at greyhound speed. They know that 50 volunteers are waiting in line to risk their necks with the hose and reel — and join the town's best club

AN ELDERLY WOMAN entered the big new fire station at Kentville, in Nova Scotia's apple-growing Annapolis Valley, and looked around timidly. Half a dozen blue-clad men sitting beside the shiny red trucks rose politely to their feet.

"Something we can do for you, ma'am?" one of them asked.

"You've already done something for me," she replied. "If it hadn't been for you I'd have lost my home."

They remembered her then. Lightning had struck her barn. The barn had burned but they managed to keep the flames from spreading to her house.

"I'd appreciate it," she said, "if you'd accept this." It was a cheque for \$50. They thanked her and as she departed she announced over her shoulder: "Kentville has a wonderful fire brigade."

Experts on such matters agree. They've given the Kentville department five national and six regional awards since 1935. In 1947 and 1949 it was judged the best in any incorporated town in Canada by the National Fire Protection Association.

In 1948 the International Association of Fire Chiefs was so anxious to have Chief B. R. Wade

of Kentville speak at its 75th jubilee conference in Miami, Fla., that it paid his traveling expenses. He was the only Canadian on the program.

Wade and his men—like 22,000 of Canada's 30,000 fire-fighters—are volunteers who receive no pay. They buy most of their equipment with contributions from individuals and profits from bingo games, carnivals and soft drink canteens.

They don't restrict their services to Kentville (population 5,500) but are at the call of surrounding districts. The Department of National Defense depends on them to protect Aldershot Military Camp, near Kentville. For the Nova Scotia Government they protect 27 buildings and 500 patients of the provincial tuberculosis sanatorium on Kentville's outskirts.

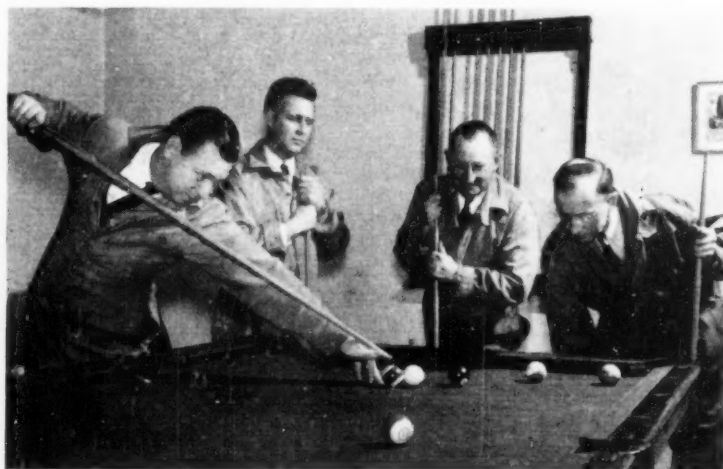
Last June they conducted a training school for volunteer firemen of 15 centres in western Nova Scotia. It was the first of its kind in the Maritimes and was attended by 164 smoke-eaters who studied subjects from knot-tying to arson detection.

Chief Wade was the principal lecturer. For him it was a familiar role. He had been instructor at the Royal Canadian Navy's fire-training school at Esquimalt, B.C., for two years during World War II.

A stocky pleasant dark-haired man of 39, Bev



When an alarm rings well-trained volunteers are on the job in 30 seconds.



They wear coveralls at the station. At the fires it is sometimes pyjamas.

Wade has been chasing fires since he was appointed mascot of the Kentville department at the age of 11. He owns Kentville's one supermarket and his customers are quite accustomed to seeing him suddenly hurdle the counter and sprint through the doorway when there's an alarm.

After fire laid Rimouski and Cabano in ruins in Quebec last spring Wade decided western Nova Scotia should organize to prevent similar disasters. Between Mount Uniacke, at the north, and Yarmouth, at the south, there are 31 fire brigades in communities along 200 miles of paved highway. He convinced them that in the event of a major fire they should all speed to the rescue and he worked out a "mutual aid system" to co-ordinate their efforts. The plan won wide approval and may set a pattern for all Canada.

Kentville's department has 84 members. They're a fair cross-section of the population. Among them are J. E. Pulsifer, florist; Ralph Walsh, druggist; Shirley Bishop, doctor; R. A. Boates, accountant; Bob Copeland, locomotive engineer; Bus Winchester, taxi driver; R. D. Rice, baker; Abe Cohen, insurance agent; Lloyd Robinson, owner of a dress shop; Murray Peck, undertaker; Charles Arenburg, garage proprietor; and John D. Mosher, Kentville's chief assessor. Chaplain for the last six years has been Rev. J. H. Durney, a husky rusty-haired Roman Catholic priest who seldom misses a fire.

The brigade has \$125,000 worth of equipment, a \$75,000 fire station on the main street and a sub-station on the grounds of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium. But more impressive are the discipline, enthusiasm and efficiency of this unpaid force.

When there's a daytime alarm the trucks are rolling within 30 seconds. Summoned by bells and sirens the firemen drop whatever they're doing and run to the station. Every fireman is expected to be at every fire unless he has a valid excuse for being absent. Being in a barber's chair is not considered a valid excuse. More than once Chief Wade has bounced from a barbershop with his hair half cut.

When there's an alarm at night the trucks are on their way within 90 seconds. Each volunteer has a bell in his bedroom.

Wade lives half a mile from the firehall. When his bell clangs he can jump from a sound sleep into pants, shoes and a sweater in 10 seconds. (This is possible with practice.) In another 10 seconds he's at the wheel of his car and 45 seconds later he's at the fire station.

Firemen who don't waken so quickly often turn up in pyjamas—afraid that if they stopped to dress they might be left behind.

They Fight Water Peril Too

After practicing regularly each week, they know exactly what to do when they report at the station. They snatch their helmets, rubber coats and boots from lockers and don them on the trucks. At the fire the salvage crew hustles into the building and removes what can be removed, covering other things with waterproof tarpaulins; the hose crew hooks up hoses; the ladder crew hoists ladders.

If it's a winter night Father Durney rounds up hot coffee. "The padre," says Wade, "could find hot coffee at the North Pole."

At a farm fire it's often hard to locate an adequate supply of water. The Kentville department has an index of all the streams, lakes and ponds within a radius of 30 miles. It also has a portable pumper that can be lowered down a mountainside on ropes. One Saturday night a farmhouse was destroyed because the brigade lacked a portable pumper and couldn't reach water. Next day the smoke-eaters voted to buy a machine.

When there's a drowning accident the brigade speeds to the scene with a resuscitator and grappling irons. The resuscitator is credited with saving the life of one citizen who needed emergency treatment after a heart attack. When three youths drowned in nearby Lake Torment firemen grappled for a week and refused to give up until they found all three bodies.



Fire in the Robinson Block was one of Kentville's worst. But losses often drop to \$50 a year.

Kentville's volunteers inspect all buildings in town for fire hazards once a year. They have no jurisdiction beyond Kentville but if a rural property owner asks them to inspect it they always oblige. So fire-conscious has the area become that many farmers request them to "look my place over."

Four miles from Kentville is the biggest poultry ranch in the Maritimes. After a couple of fires, both extinguished by the department, the owner went to Wade for advice. What could he do to protect his establishment against further outbreaks?

The chief drew up a plan which included structural changes in the buildings and damming a stream to create a water reservoir. It was a fair-sized expenditure but the owner carried it out. He

has had no more fires and his insurance rates have been lowered.

What makes a good fireman?

"A man must have a certain passion for this fire demon and there's only one man of this type in 100," says Wade. "He must have dependability, intelligence, moral fibre and a willingness to work, study and submit to discipline."

If a male resident of Kentville has these attributes, plus physical fitness, and is between 21 and 45, he may join the department—provided there's a vacancy. Although membership has increased from 50 to 84 in the past 10 years there are always 45 or 50 applicants waiting.

Many of the present firemen are the sons and grandsons of firemen but it's not true that the names of firemen's sons are entered on a waiting list at birth so they'll be admitted when they reach 21. Wade admits, however, that firemen's sons are promising material because they seem to have an inherited zeal for fighting fires.

In Kentville, small fry look forward to Fire Prevention Week with almost as much relish as they anticipate Christmas. Firemen make the rounds of the schools with their equipment. They raise their aerial ladder to its towering 75 feet and scramble up and down the rungs. They hook up hoses and shoot 27 powerful streams skyward. They give speeches, hobnob with the children and swear them in as junior fire-fighters.

The attention devoted to youngsters has paid off. The kids know where to search for fire hazards in their own homes and prod their parents into being careful. And when they grow up they are eager to be smoke-eaters themselves. At the start of World War II the department had 50 men and 26 enlisted. High-school boys were familiar enough with fire-fighting tactics to step in as auxiliary firemen while the regulars were away.

Wade himself squeezed into the department when he was 18. The age

Continued on page 35



Chief Wade often deserts his supermarket for a fire.

They Made Our Child a Movie Star

By JACK DAVIES



John Howard Davies, Britain's top child star, is a normal, healthy boy. He tries hard at cricket, but his father reports his batting is terrible.

THREE years ago, when he was eight, my son John became a celebrity overnight. If you saw the English movie "Oliver Twist" you will know why. It was one of the biggest money spinners ever screened by J. Arthur Rank. And Charles Dickens' classic orphan, the Boy Who Asked For More, was played by John Howard Davies, who calls me Daddy.

Since then John has made "The Rocking Horse Winner," an unusual, ironic story of a small boy who develops prophetic powers for racing results by riding a wooden steed in his nursery. This year you'll see John Howard Davies in the title role of "Tom Brown's School Days." Soon he'll be making another Dickens epic, the title of which must remain, for the moment, a secret.

Today John is his own limited company, formed to produce stories starring himself and to exploit his name in advertisements for merchandise. He is driven to work in a Humber Super Snipe, one of Britain's biggest and slickest cars. He has a tutor, a secretary and a riding master. For "The Rocking Horse Winner" he was paid \$15,000.

When he's 13 he will retire from movies and enter Charterhouse, one of Britain's biggest and oldest boarding schools. If necessary he will be able to pay his own fees. Since he became a movie star my family has moved from a five-room apartment in a London suburb to a pleasant Georgian house at Milford, Surrey, about 40 miles from London.

What is it like to have a film star son? How do you get a boy into movies? Does it spoil him? Does he become a millionaire? Everybody who has seen child actors asks these questions. I used to ask them myself. Now that I know the answers I'll pass them on as honestly as I can.

It's important to remember that London is not Hollywood. English producers do not exploit juveniles, or adults for that matter, with the sort of ballyhoo which made idols out of Jackie Coogan, Shirley Temple and Mickey Rooney. Nor do they pay the fabulous salaries these Hollywood prodigies were reputed to earn. Even so, John is the top-ranking child star in Britain today and his success has changed his family's life. My wife Dorothy and I wrestled with our consciences for weeks before we decided to let him act. Now we are not sorry.

In a way it was luck that John got a screen test. But there is no point in giving readers the idea it could happen to anybody's son. John has proved a splendid artist but I don't think he is unique. There are probably a hundred boys who could have done as well if they'd been given the chance.

John's opportunity came by accident through a chance remark by a dinner guest. I have been a newspaperman for 20 years, apart from six years in the RAF, and since the war I have been film critic for Lord Kemsley's Sunday Graphic. At the time of John's big break we were living in a part of Hampstead favored by writers, artists, actors and musicians. My wife, a Cambridge grad, had given up newspaper work to look after our two boys, John and his two-year-old brother Legh.

My newspaper work and the fact that I've written film scripts and plays in my spare time bring me in touch with movie people. One night Ted Lloyd, an agent who was negotiating the sale of one of my scripts, dined at our apartment. John came into the room to say goodnight. Ted looked at him sharply and when John had gone he said: "You know they're looking for a boy to play

If your child suddenly won fame and wealth on the screen what would it do to him? And you? Would he become a spoiled brat? Would he turn his back on his family? Here one film prodigy's father tells his own story

'Oliver Twist.' They've had a talent competition but can't find the right youngster. May I suggest John for the part?"

My wife and I glanced at each other. I said: "Well I suppose it's all right if you want to." We didn't discuss it again that night. The next day I'd almost forgotten about it.

Two weeks later Ted Lloyd telephoned Dorothy to bring John to his office next day to meet a casting director. That night we talked ourselves into a lather. Suppose the boy did click—would it turn his head? In my job I had met one or two obnoxious child actors and was cynical about them. Suppose he were a flop—the other boys at school might laugh at him. Wouldn't that mark him for life? If he went acting Dorothy would have to go with him. Who would look after Legh?

A Quick Lad at Memorizing

We went over these points until we were completely unhappy. Finally Dorothy said: "I don't see why we're getting so worked up. He'll probably be turned down anyway." So we decided, with many misgivings, to let John go ahead.

He was tickled to death. He liked the movies though we have always been careful about selecting shows he should see. I don't think any boy would be disinterested in such a proposition.

The casting director was impressed. John had the piquant type of face he was looking for. He asked us for every photograph we had of the boy.

Next Ted Lloyd telephoned to say he was sending two pages of script for John to memorize. He added that Ronald Neame and David Lean, producer and director of "Oliver Twist," would be calling on us and would John please be ready to recite his piece.

Up to that time John had seemed to lack concentration. We thought he would never memorize

two pages. Dorothy took him into the bedroom to help him. She came out looking puzzled. "It's a most extraordinary thing," she said, "he's learned it already. I just read it over three times and he recited it back word perfect." Since then John has shown himself to be an amazingly quick "study."

Neame and Lean called and heard John go through his part. Then Lean took him to his office and heard him again. He brought him back and said he had won the part and told us to let his

hair grow. I still wasn't sure I liked the idea.

That night Dorothy and I had the whole thing out again. Finally I said, "If I had had this opportunity when I was John's age, and my father hadn't let me take it, I think I would have held it against him."

I was thinking of the excellent start in life John's earnings would give him and of the experience if ever he chose to become an adult actor.

Two days before filming John got swollen glands. There was a lump on his neck like half an orange. We thought it might be nerves and blamed ourselves for upsetting him. A specialist told me film work for John was out of the question. I called Ronald Neame almost in relief and told him it was all off.

This shook Neame because a lot of money hangs on shooting to schedule. He thought it over for two days and then called me back. He said he would hold up production for three weeks and see what happened. In three weeks John was fully recovered.

He's thrived in the movie business ever since.

At first John's job threw our household for a loop. He had to be taken away from school and placed under a tutor. Dorothy always goes with him to the studio. That meant getting someone to look after Legh.

When John is working Dorothy rouses him at 7 a.m. They leave the house at 7.45, pick up Sheila Brun, the tutor, and reach the studios around 8.30. John rarely has to use make-up, so that saves time. Filming starts about 8.45. Between shots John takes tuition, but nothing to overtax his mind. Sheila generally reads history or geography to him. Between pictures he makes up ground at home. Often he is doing a full day's school work when other boys are on holiday.

Shooting continues through the day and Dorothy brings him home, sometimes rather tired, about 6.30. He has supper at 7 p.m., then takes his Labrador, Flash, for a walk. He's always in bed



John has been presented to the Royal Family and his parents are proud of his manners. He met Queen Mary at the *première* of "Oliver Twist."



With screen father Francis de Wolfe (left) and his real-life father, John gives the camera an embarrassed glance. Fancy clothes bother him.

The Davies are careful that screen success doesn't ruin their home life. John will stop work at 13 to go to Charterhouse school, then to university. He has a tutor, secretary and riding master.



by 8.15 and it's "lights out" at 8.30, winter and summer. The only time he stays up later is when he has to attend film *premieres*. Then he sleeps in next day.

Acting has not made him precocious.

When the roof-top scenes for "Oliver Twist" were being shot, he and Robert Newton, who played Bill Sikes, had to scramble along a ledge 60 feet high. I went up first to see if it was safe, and nearly passed out with vertigo. But as a safety precaution John and Newton were fitted with Kirby Flying Wires, those strong almost invisible steel wires they use for flying fairies about the theatre stage. Even so, Dorothy and I fretted when he was up there. When the shot was finished David Lean shouted to John saying he had done a good job and asking if there was anything he wanted. John said: "Yes, could I fly to the ground?" Lean grinned but firmly refused the request.

Moir Shearer and Robert Helpmann were making "Red Shoes" on the next set. Helpmann brought his mother along one day and she sat next to John at lunch. "It's lucky you came today," John said. "You're really going to see something." Mrs. Helpmann, thinking he'd got some inside information on "Red Shoes," said: "Really, what's that?" John said solemnly, "We've got a rain machine on our set."

Occasionally he makes appearances for publicity. He attended a civic lunch in Scotland one day and the mayor made a speech praising British films and what they meant in dollars for Britain. Dorothy looked at John and found him reading a comic book.

John used to be a trifle shy but these public events have given him self-confidence. He's been presented to every member of the Royal Family and we couldn't help gulping at the way he carried himself. He's also met such notables as the late Syd Field, who was Britain's top comic, and Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery.

Teasingly, Monty told him to get his hair cut. This riled John but he kept his temper and piped up, "I don't like it this way either, sir, but it's got to be long for my work." Monty took quite a shine to him.

John has just finished "Tom Brown's School Days." It was made at Rugby, the famous public school which gave its name to the game. Dorothy and I were pleased when we were invited to enter him at the school. The people there aren't swayed by film glamour but they told us they liked the way John played games with the boys and his good-natured manner. We had to turn down the offer because he was already entered for Charterhouse.

I hope nothing will interfere with his later schooling. If he wants to be an actor when he's through university that's fine with me. But I regard his present occupation as purely temporary.

We have made him into a limited company. Ninety-eight shares are in his name. Dorothy and I own one share each. The company pays for the tutor, agent, traveling expenses, clothes, publicity and other costs essential to John's efficiency as a working actor.

We often entertain on his behalf and in these cases the company foots the bill. But out of the \$15,000 he got for "The Rocking Horse Winner" we had to meet heavy expenses. The agent's commission, for example, was \$1,500. His tutor costs \$1,500 a year. We didn't own a car at that time because we couldn't get one; they were all going for export. A hired car to take him to the studios during shooting of the picture cost at \$25 a day - a total of \$750. John never goes to the studio without his mother or his tutor. So all three had to be lodged at a nearby hotel. This cost another \$750.



Three hours a day John is actually working before the cameras. The remainder of the time he studies with tutor Sheila Brun.

In costume pictures the producers provide all the clothes. But in modern-dress movies the actors supply their own. John's clothes for "The Rocking Horse Winner" cost \$150 but he had the use of them afterward.

His secretary, plus the stationery and stamps she uses, runs another \$1,500 a year. Last year we spent about \$300 entertaining on various small occasions. John is also having his teeth straightened; cost to date, \$300.

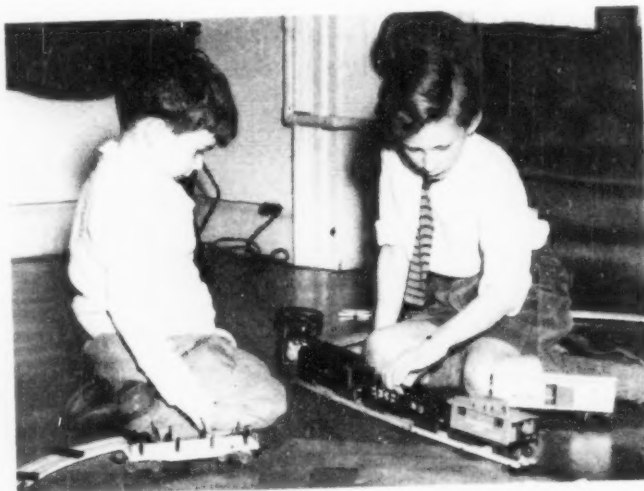
John is taxed as a single man with no dependents. He is in a bracket where almost half of his taxable income is taken by revenue authorities. When you are earning big money in the film business it pays to look like it and this is expensive. So you can see that John is not a millionaire. Neither are we.

We give him the best life possible for a boy within the bounds of prudence. Everything remaining after expenses goes into trust for him.

John's home life would be envied by many boys his age. We have a large garden and the people next door own an estate with a swimming pool. He takes riding lessons and his riding master expects him to run away with a few firsts for show jumping this year. I was anxious that John should be good at all sports, particularly cricket. He has a cricket net in the garden and is a promising spin bowler. But his batting is deplorable.

After his first movie John got about 50 fan letters a week. Now he gets hundreds. One of his chores is answering personally those from crippled children, regular correspondents, or anybody special. The secretary deals with the rest.

The biggest disadvantage in having a film star son is having to put up with his fans. He's always being pounced on in the street for autographs. In



With little brother Leigh, John plays happily in new home his film earnings bought. He's in bed every night sharp at 8.15.

London silly women are always rushing up to kiss him. Other children who know his identity are apt to stare at him and stand off for a while.

The theatre is in John's blood.

My maternal grandmother was a famous acrobat known as "Zaeo." She was the first woman to be catapulted across a circus ring. Her husband was the first vaudeville artists' agent in Britain; he managed Lily Langtry and once booked W. C. Fields for a British tour.

My mother, Elizabeth Wieland, was first a ballet dancer then a Shakespearean actress in Beerbohm Tree's company at His Majesty's Theatre. My late father was an agent and managed John Mills, Binnie Hale and others.

My sister, Betty-Ann Davies, has been on the screen and stage since she was 15. Now she's a character actress. You might have seen her as the wife of the self-pitying tubercular patient in "Sanatorium," the third of Somerset

Maugham's stories in "Trio." She was also John Mills' nagging wife in "Mr. Polly."

I was an actor myself once. At 16 I understudied Ernest Thesiger in a play called "The Red Dog." He got ill and I had to go on. But after that I couldn't get parts on the legitimate stage and became a newspaperman.

I wouldn't advise any parent to go dragging a child around agents' offices in the hope of landing a part. That's the sort of life which produces "little horrors." The only way to get your child into films is by getting to know film people first - people who are in a position to give an honest appraisal of the child's chances.

John got into the movies because a talent competition failed to find the right boy and because a movie agent happened to be dining at our house. But he's remained in the business purely on his talent. The film business is like any other business. Contacts may get you in but once there you must stand on your own two feet.

I think we've kept John a happy, healthy, average lad. If I thought show business was spoiling him I'd have him out tomorrow. So would any other parent with his boy's future at heart.

We've looked for signs that he's not behaving like other boys his age but so far we haven't found any. A bunch of kids were playing cricket recently with a hard ball. John was bowling and an adult friend noticed that little Legh was standing like a statue in the path of the ball. He told him to move. "Don't move Legh," shouted John. "He's the wicket."

We haven't seen John show any interest in girls yet but the other day we noticed on the barn wall a heart pierced by an arrow and inscribed with "JHD loves SG." We haven't a clue who "SG" is.

He's not interested in seeing himself on the screen. He only goes when it's a boxing or a swimming scene or something which appeals to his boyish ideas. The only time he saw "Oliver Twist" was at its *premiere* when he was presented to Queen Mary. Six months later he turned down a suggestion he should see it again. "I've seen it once," he said. He has never seen himself in "The Rocking Horse Winner." We don't think it's suitable.

John's favorite movie at the moment is "Destination Moon." His favorite film star is Rex Rogers.

Recently Dorothy had a chance to see his dawning social consciousness. At a National Savings Rally in Cambridge where he was making a public appearance the mayor asked him to say a few words. "What shall I say?" asked John. "Say anything you like," said the mayor.

John seized a microphone purposefully. Everybody thought he was going to talk about the movies. But in ringing tones he cried: "Fit ponies shouldn't be allowed to work down the mines!" ★

A CONCISE MANUAL OF UNPROVOKED AGGRESSION

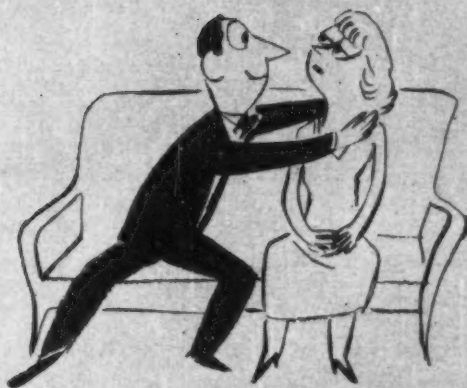
From the opening manoeuvres on St. Valentine's Day, Peter Whalley gives his eight-lesson course on the art of war between the sexes.



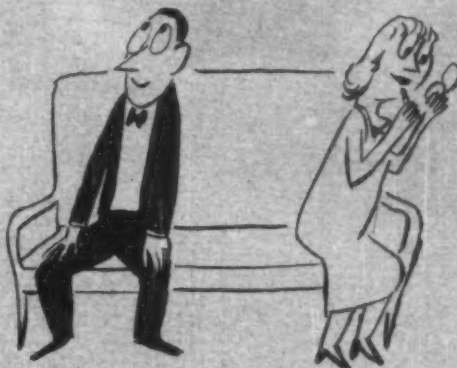
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2. RECONNAISSANCE



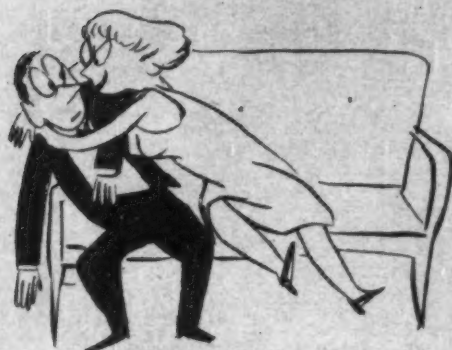
3. LOCAL ADVANCE



4. TACTICAL WITHDRAWAL



5. FRONTAL ATTACK



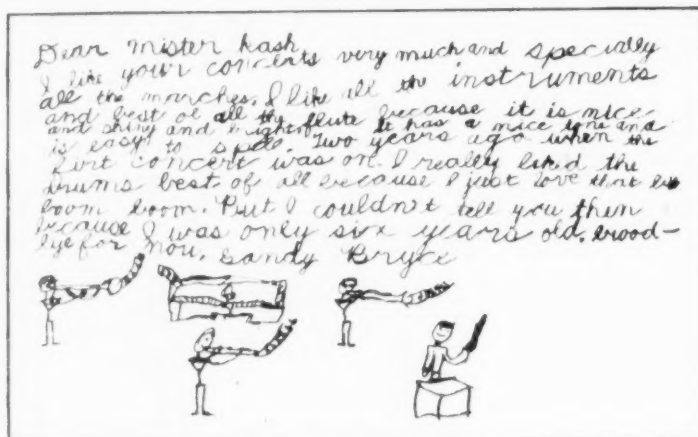
6. BREAKTHROUGH



8. CONSOLIDATION OF GAINS



7. UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER



Eugene Kash's Ottawa children's concerts draw heavy fan mail from youngsters who have fallen in love with flutes, fiddles, drums.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

JAMES DUGAN, a frequent contributor to this magazine who lives in New York, first met Eugene Kash, about whom he writes on page 14, in Europe during the war.

The friends often met at Le Petit Club Français, St. James's Place, better known as the "Little French" to the Americans and Canadians who inhabited the retreat almost exclusively. A Frenchman was once seen briefly across a crowded room but he left quickly and baffled.

Dugan came to regard the maestro as the world's unluckiest or most forgetful traveler and on one occasion at the "Little French" when they were saying farewells on the eve of Kash's departure Dugan asked him just what items of luggage he planned to misplace this time.

"Kash smiled a little patronizingly at me and stated firmly that everything was itemized and packed and that the keys to his bags were safe in the pocket of his overcoat which was at that very moment hanging securely on a hook in the foyer," Dugan recalls. "He took me out to show me the coat to prove it."

Kash plunged his hand happily into a pocket in a gesture calculated to dispense the kind of criticism he had been getting. The keys were gone. Indeed, so was his coat. This garment, on inspection, turned out to belong to Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet, who had just left, presumably with the Ottawa musician's coat.

After him, into the fog, went Dugan and Kash. They trailed the

pub-loving poet through Soho to the Bath House, the Dog & Duck, the Highlander, and finally to the York Minster, where Thomas was discovered declaiming verse in Kash's coat. With the respect one artist shows for another Kash waited until the reading was over before claiming his own and grabbing the boat train.

• With the Maclean's World Report, a special feature leading off this issue, we bring to an end Blair Fraser's series of articles on the Far East and welcome back Lionel Shapiro who will once again write for us from Europe.

Shapiro, whose new novel, "Torch for a Dark Journey," was televised from New York just before he took off from Dorval for London, was Maclean's European correspondent during the war and after. Since then he has written two successful novels and has sold original screen stories to Hollywood.

"But this is no time for writing novels," he told us when we were talking to him in Montreal just before he boarded his TCA plane. "This is a time to be a reporter once again and try by hard legwork and in the light of your own experience to tell what the hell is going on in the world."

We feel that's a pretty good credo for a writer who will always be an old newspaperman himself. We're sure that Maclean's readers will be as happy as its editors to know that a fine reporter is back on his beat.

Wife-hunt With Tom-toms

Continued from page 13

PERSONALLY, I failed to visualize Jim Boomer in the role of regional manager for Primitive Perfumes, Inc. Plumbing fixtures, possibly, but not perfumes. He is personable and all that, but too much the back-slapper to have any real finesse. Still, these extroverts frequently advance without regard to actual merit; it would be enlightening to discover exactly how the board appraised him.

At this moment Miss Bing made an aromatic sally into my office with weekly reports and was about to sally out again. As secretary to the Old Boy, it occurred to me, Miss Bing might have some clue as to Boomer's standing. Ticklish subject. Must proceed with circumspection.

"Ah, Miss Bing," I called to her. "Have you a moment? Something to discuss with you?"

"I'm pretty busy until five-thirty," she said, tilting her chin and regarding me obliquely.

"Tomorrow, then," I concluded. "Tomorrow," she informed me. "I'll be tied up with the boss all day. I'm free tonight, though, after five-thirty."

That left me out. Could hardly ask the Old Boy's secretary to work overtime, and I told her so.

"I only planned to have dinner by myself," she pouted, "and then go home to my lonely little apartment."

"I sympathize with you," I told her. "I shall probably be doing the same thing. Beastly way to spend an evening."

"Yes," she murmured, "beastly." The young lady turned her large eyes on me in a sad, reproachful manner that was quite touching.

"Chin up, Miss Bing. Possibly some Prince Charming will pop up and ask you to dinner. So sorry you'll be occupied all day tomorrow."

Miss Bing, whose histrionics I fail to fathom, stamped her foot and marched from the room. Pretty little thing, I thought, but moody. And then I had a brilliant idea. I rang up her desk.

"I say, Miss Bing," I began, with a small cough of decorum. "This may sound like a caprice, but why not dine together this evening and discuss business over curried shrimp?"

She expressed such surprise and pleasure at my invitation that I felt goodish about it myself. I had to forgo my curry, however; the young lady had set her heart on dining at a beach restaurant because of the music. As it evolved, the orchestra played frightful jazz of an early vintage, but Miss Bing was ecstatic. She was, it must be admitted, exceedingly agreeable to the eye. During the day she had worn a white blouse gathered up around her throat with a black ribbon. At the beach, however, the neckline stretched alarmingly until the aspect was all shoulder and very little blouse. Revealed interesting bone structure, I noted.

All in all, Alicia was sprightly company and divulged valuable tidbits of office intelligence. The board, it appeared, had open minds regarding the new position. Boomer they considered strong on promotional ideas; they labeled me a "level-headed realist with a fine analytical mind." This epithet rather pleased me to the extent that I made no protest when the young lady suggested a ride on one of the preposterous contrivances they feature at beaches. We sat in a small compartment at the end of an enormous spoke and simultaneously whirled, plunged and jolted at a rapid rate. Alicia insisted that I grasp her lest she be

catapulted out of the compartment, and this seemed to be the accepted procedure among all the merry-makers, although a safety device was provided which appeared entirely reliable.

ALICIA clutched my arm as we manoeuvred our way among the jetsam on the shore. I personally felt that the moon, especially large and incandescent, provided adequate lighting, but she seemed timid nonetheless. The boardwalk noises receded and all was silent save for the waves laving the beach, and I could not help being aware of her slightness as Alicia clung to me, strangely quiet. She was wearing our *L'Afrique* scent, a light floral which I favor.

"I say there, young lady," I remarked. "This is Tuesday."

"Nicest Tuesday I've ever had," she sighed.

"But you're wearing *L'Afrique*. That amounts to treason on Tuesdays, don't you know?"

"I did it for you, Trip," she said, squeezing my arm ever so gently. "I just happened to know you don't like the others."

"It isn't that," I hastened to explain, "but our spicier perfumes are a trifle overpowering, and they aggravate my asthma. Nasty thing, asthma. Can't breathe. Sensitivity in the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract. Causes spasmodic contraction."

"I know," Alicia interrupted, "but let's not talk about your asthma in this romantic moonlight."

"What would you like to talk about?" I enquired. During the evening we had pretty well exhausted the usual trivia.

"Let's talk about you. You're so reserved and unemotional, Trip. Have you ever been in love?"

"Oh, I daresay," I told her. "Don't know really. Never analyze things of that nature."

"The Board of Directors thought you were the analytical type. How do you expect to get that promotion if you go around never analyzing things?" This was the sort of badinage with which Alicia amused herself constantly. "What you need is practice, Trip. I'll try you on another question. Do you think I'm pretty?"

She tilted her head back, and I halted in order to study her facial contours. "Face is a trifle too rotund to be actually pretty by classical standards," I decided. "Eyes are good, though."

"What do they look like, Trip?"

"Oh, I don't know really. Just eyes." "Go ahead; analyze, Trip. Do they look like stars? Or dark pools in the moonlight?"

All utter nonsense, of course, but I humored her.

"Now that you raise the question," I remarked, "they do remind me of those large, sweet black cherries. Bing cherries, what?" Ha, that was a good one. Bing cherries.

Miss Bing was not amused. At least, she ignored my quip and pursued the farce further. "You're supposed to say my lips are like cherries."

"I don't see the connection," I told her quite candidly. "Cherries are round. Your mouth is quite—quite—"

"Quite what, Trip?"

"Quite mouth-shaped, to be exact." Miss Bing's taunting eyes roved over my face in what seemed like wondering contemplation. "You're terribly slow on your cues, Trip. Didn't anyone ever teach you that a girl's eyes are filled with moonbeams and her lips are sweet like cherries?"

Her words pricked a response in my brain! I stood in a trance for a moment, and then—

Continued on page 26



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DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL

Continued from page 24

"Alicia," I exploded, "I have an extraordinary idea! Sweet lips, you said. Why not sweet lipstick? Perfumed lipstick, don't you know. Perfumed with Zambesi, L'Afrique and Safari!"

Her wide eyes narrowed abruptly and her parted lips closed.

"Women are not spending money on our perfumes," I went on rapidly. "Lipstick, on the other hand, seems to be a necessity. Fancy a lipstick that is also a perfume! Women will go wild about it! Oh, I say, I'm really quite taken with the theory. What do you say, Alicia?"

"I say let's go home," she said with sudden weariness. "It was a lovely evening before it turned chilly."

"Take my coat," I offered, but she refused.

CAN'T say that I slept well that night, as I pondered the merchandising possibilities of perfume in lipstick form. Early the next morning I was striding to and fro outside the Old Boy's office well before he arrived. To my consternation, so was Boomer. He seemed in fine fettle, telling his repulsive jokes, thumping my shoulder blades, and chucking Miss Bing under the chin. I resented this familiarity with Miss Bing. Alicia, that is, but she appeared to enjoy it and manoeuvred her eyes at Boomer like a positive heathen. For me she reserved a small wan smile which I interpreted as submissive and womanly. I remembered our agreeable evening together and the way her collarbone had looked in that low-necked blouse and I determined to see more of Alicia. I wondered if she could cook a curry.

The Old Boy arrived at a trot, damp and panting. There was no one in pursuit, but he rendered the impression there might be. Boomer and I followed him into his zebra-striped office and were waved into chairs; the Old Boy preferred to hover about the open window as if for an emergency exit.

I was invited to have my innings first. I shall not recount here the stirring presentation of my perfumed lipstick idea, systematically developed in each of its ramifications: manufacture, packaging, distribution, promotion. An admirable plan, if I do say so myself. Boomer listened with a smirk, which I dismissed as evidence of jealousy. The Old Boy, somewhat less abstracted than usual, gave an occasional nervous nod.

"Mighty far-reaching," was his verdict when I had concluded. "Long range. Radical, too. Write it up in triplicate; will present it to the Board."

This amounted to flattering enthusiasm from a man as preoccupied as the Old Boy. I relaxed in my chair, mentally sharing my triumph with Alicia, as Boomer took the floor.

"Well, Chief," he began, ambling over and securing the Old Boy by the lapel. "This will stagger you. I gotta gimmick to publicize this new Safari perfume. Now get this, Chief: it's fabulous! We organize a genuine safari out to your country club, see. Invite the press and store buyers from all over the country, see. Have elephants, camels, savages, tom-toms, orchids, all over the place! There's thousands of dollars' worth of publicity in it."

I could see through Boomer's scheme immediately. Naturally this plan would be to the liking of the demented old codger and was deliberately designed to curry favor, regardless of whether the idea had practical merit.

"Big barbecue," Boomer chortled. "Drinks in coconut shells. And get this: all our executives in breeches and pith helmets. How d'you like it, Chief?"

The Old Boy's eyes had a strange glint. "Whole plan's terrific," he wheezed, mopping his brow. "Drop everything else and get to work on it, Boomer. Spare no expense. Take anybody in the organization for an assistant." He started backing around the wall toward the door, his face glistening. "Savages, did you say? Tom-toms?" Then he turned and fled.

A lurking qualm that Boomer might maliciously choose me for an assistant in his vile project was dispelled later that morning when I sought out Alicia. She had just gone to lunch, I discovered, with Jim Boomer. Again in the afternoon I enquired; she was downstairs having a spot of coffee with Jim Boomer.

I must say I did not appreciate the fellow's forcing himself on Alicia. Of course, he was an executive, and a young girl new to our organization might be flattered by his attention, but he was a terribly gross character, I felt, and Alicia was actually a fine young person. I decided to approach her on the matter, with delicacy, you understand.

Catching her just before half-past-five I made another go at the curried shrimp.

"I say, Alicia," I began, "would you care to join me in a curry this evening?"

"Sorry, Trip," she declined, with too little remorse, I thought. "I'm having dinner with Jim."

"Then tomorrow evening?"

She shook her head. "I'll be seeing Jim tomorrow night. I'm helping him with this safari, and it's a day-and-night job. Only two weeks to do the whole thing."

That was fine, that was. Boomer was using the excuse of vital office business as a cloak for his depredations. Alicia needed protection, it was clear, but that was devilishly difficult when I could not even lay eyes on her. Day after day went by and she was closeted in Boomer's office, a sybaritic den with fur rugs and a chaise longue.

THE entire organization churned in turmoil and negotiations with florists, caterers, costumers, booking agents and zoological authorities. And still no one had experienced so much as a whiff of the new perfume we were promoting outside of the Old Boy and the laboratory in New Jersey. The odour known as *Safari* was a shrouded secret, to be uncorked as the climax of the forthcoming safari. Boomer's idea, of course. Cheap theatrics, I thought. But the most irksome phase of the entire junket was the prospect of dressing up like a fool in a pith helmet.

It was the day prior to the safari that I managed a word with Alicia. She flounced into my office and cast an impudent glance in my direction.

"Alicia!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"Here's your assignment for tomorrow," she said breezily, skimming me a memorandum. "All the executives are responsible for some detail; you look after the out-of-town buyers. The boss wants you at the club and in costume by four o'clock. Okay?"

"Under protest," I remarked. "I consider the whole project a travesty, but my greatest regret is that you have been coerced into playing such an active role. In fact, I should like to discuss that with you."

"Can't," Alicia said, sidling toward the door. "Jim Boomer wants to see me right away."

"That is exactly what I wanted to discuss. Boomer... and the wretched way he has imposed himself upon you, day and... evening?"

Continued on page 29

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BRANDED: If you admired (as I did) the good direction by ex-cameraman Rudolph Mate last year in a crime thriller called *Union Station*, you may be shocked (as I am) by the corny stuff he lets some of his actors get away with in this pretentious western. Allan Ladd, as a bad man who turns noble, is as cryptic as the average store dummy, and just about as expressive.

CAGE OF GOLD: A confusing British melodrama about an innocent girl (Jean Simmons), her high-minded physician husband (James Donald), and the blackmailing cad (David Farrar) who menaces her.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE: Clifton Webb, depicting an angel disguised as a Texas oil king, gets in some wry comic licks which considerably help a strained, overly whimsical fantasy. The cast includes Robert Cummings and Joan Bennett, less amusing than usual. I got a bang, though, out of Jack La Rue as a hammy film actor whose gangster roles have driven him off his rocker. He just stands around tossing a half-dollar and sneering.

FRENCHIE: The decorative and diverting Shelley Winters, as a gambling queen trying to track down her father's killers, is even better as a clown than as a detective.

THE FULLER BRUSH GIRL: An old-fashioned rough-house farce with enough good visual gags in it to make a sidesplitting two-reeler. Unfortunately, the picture runs the usual hour and a half, and the fun wears thin before the finish. Good stuff for the kiddies.

GILMOUR RATES

All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.
American Guerrilla in the Philippines: War and romance. Fair.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.
Beaver Valley: Wild life short. Tops.
Bicycle Thief: Tragi-comedy. Tops.
Black Rose: Costumed drama. Poor.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.
Born to Be Bad: Drama. Poor.
Breaking Point: Melodrama. Good.
Breakthrough: War drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.
Champagne for Caesar: Comedy. Fair.
Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Convicted: Prison drama. Good.
Crisis: Tropical suspense. Good.
Dark City: Crime, suspense. Fair.
Deported: Crime drama. Fair.
Destination Moon: Space drama. Good.
Devil's Doorway: Western. Fair.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.
Flame and the Arrow: Drama. Fair.
Glass Menagerie: Family drama. Fair.
Harriet Craig: Comedy drama. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy. Good.
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders. Excellent for adults.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: Crime. Fair.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Let's Dance: Musical. Good.
The Men: Hospital drama. Excellent.
The Milkman: Durante farce. Good.

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE: A comedy from Britain, and one of the best. It's about a governmental mix-up which compels the staff and pupils of an ancient school for boys to live under the same roof with the staff and pupils of an ancient school for girls. The resulting complexities are quite hilarious, with Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford in fine fettle as the embattled principals.

HARVEY: Usually I avoid comparing movies with books or plays from which they are adapted, but in this case I can't help lamenting that the stage production starring Frank Fay was simultaneously funnier, wiser and more moving than the film starring James Stewart. The story, of course, is the one about a dreamy "problem drinker" and his chum Harvey, an invisible rabbit. The play, in other words, was wonderful; the picture, while less than that, is still a good one, and its best moments are delightful.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES: You'll be missing something special if you confuse this with any of the routine jungle cheapies that every season offers. It's a honey of an adventure story, filmed in authentic African locales, and all-in-all a vastly exciting job. There's a romance, too, involving Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger, but it competes only casually with the more engrossing wild life.

THE WEST POINT STORY: Not even the strenuous and gifted James Cagney saves this from being an inferior musical, although any fool can plainly see that it cost an awful lot of money.

Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.
Mr. Music: Crosby musical. Fair.
My Blue Heaven: TV musical. Fair.
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
Night Train (re-issue): Suspense. Good.
No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.
Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.
Panic in the Streets: Crime. Excellent.
Pettit Girl: Comedy and music. Good.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Pretty Baby: Comedy. Fair.
Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Right Cross: Boxing drama. Fair.
Rio Grande: Big western. Fair.
711 Ocean Drive: Crime. Fair.
So Long at the Fair: Suspense. Fair.
So Young, So Bad: Girls in jail. Fair.
Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Stella: Screwball comedy. Fair.
Summer Stock: Musical. Good.
Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.
They Were Not Divided: War. Fair.
Three Secrets: Drama. Fair.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
The Titan: Art documentary. Tops.
Toast of New Orleans: Musical. Poor.
To Please a Lady: Love, action. Fair.
Train of Events: Drama. Fair.
Treasure Island: Boy adventure. Good.
Trio: 3 comedy dramas. Excellent.
Tripoli: Desert melodrama. Poor.
Two Flogs West: Western. Good.
Underworld Story: Crime. Poor.
Union Station: Kidnapping. Good.
Wagonmaster: Western. Good.
Winchester '73: Western. Good.
Woman in Question: Whodunnit. Good.

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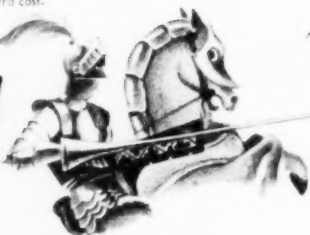
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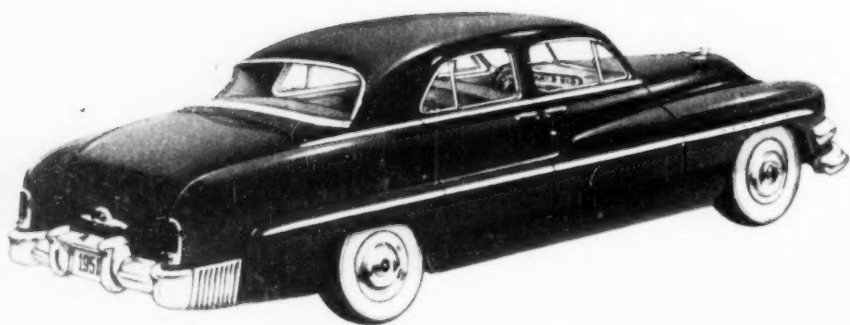


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Continued from page 26

"Why, we've had lots of fun together," she said, "especially evenings. And now that you mention it, Mr. Trippingham, what business is it of yours, anyway?"

"I intend to make it my business whenever I see a young lady of your refinement becoming enmeshed with a boulder of Boomer's type."

"Maybe I like his type," Alicia said. "He's informal, friendly, and understanding. He reacts to moonlight in a normal way, and he says things a girl likes to hear. And for your information: he's asked me to marry him!"

All my wrath and suspicion flooded. "I suppose he has promised you that promotion on a platter," I snapped.

"No! He's promised me fun . . . love . . . romance!" she flaunted back at me. "You wouldn't know anything about those commodities. You're the type who'd marry for income tax purposes. Well, Mr. TrippingHAM," she concluded, "the grapevine whispers that you're the one who's getting that job, and I hope you do! Then maybe we can get the temperature up to normal around here." She marched to the door in high dudgeon, then paused and turned to flash a wistful little smile. "And it's really too bad about you, Trip," she sighed, "because you're such a handsome guy."

I stood there nonplussed. What was too bad about me? Was I really going to get it? As for the temperature in our building, I had always found it most agreeable; thermostat controls in each office and all that.

I had hoped for a pelting rain the next day the variety that sets in before noon and continues until everything is a welter of mud, but the morning of the safari dawned disagreeably bright and fair.

In late afternoon I started for the country club, scene of the ordeal. Nearing the club I began to detect the muffled beat of tom-toms. Raises the hackles, don't you know. If that is what the Old Boy heard when he cocked his head and assumed that faraway expression, he had my sympathy. And then — by Jove! — a Zulu village loomed before my eyes. Thatched huts dispensing refreshments centred about a steaming cauldron in a clearing, and alarmingly authentic tribesmen were warming up for their war dance, impelled by the muted beat of the tom-toms. Beyond the huts, hidden in the trees, were the animals all decently caged, but roaring with realistic menace.

En route to the locker room to change, I noticed several of our lesser executives — the pin-stripe and four-lard type-looking sheepish in their breeches and helmets.

Strange thing about the pith helmet or topee, as we called them in India. You have to be the right sort to wear one. And when I glanced at myself in the locker room mirror, it was obvious that I was the sort. The effect was rugged, intrepid. Eric Trippingham, adventurer, explorer, and regional manager of Primitive Perfumes, Inc.! My tan, acquired on sailing week ends, showed up to excellent advantage.

So it was romance that Alicia wanted, was it? I emerged from the clubhouse with a masterful stride and made my way down to the tribal village in search of her.

I COULD NOT spot Alicia immediately; the guests were arriving, and the area was becoming quite populated. I was much in demand among the out-of-town buyers, but between pleasanties I kept an eye alerted for a certain young lady with devastating collarbones. Boomer, in his ill-fitting

breeches, kept bustling across my path on errands of exaggerated importance, and I must admit feeling a certain benevolence toward him. Poor chap. I mused; let him have his moment of glory; it will be over when he learns he's not getting the promotion.

I discovered Alicia leaning exhausted against a tree. The poor girl had been worked half to death.

"Alicia!" I cried, nearly bursting with romance.

Her weary eyes turned and, growing larger with admiration, surveyed me from head to foot. "Why, you look wonderful in that get-up," she said.

She appeared most appetizing herself with her collarbones well revealed.

I looked avidly at the curls lying on her fine wide brow, at her cheekbones tilted up to me, at the curve of her jaw, and at the one provocative collarbone so sweetly exposed. I clenched my fists, and the words tumbled from my lips.

"Alicia," I breathed, "you have nice bones."

Her eyes sprayed me with warmth for one fleet moment, and then someone tapped me on the shoulder. Boomer!

"Get with it, Trippingham," he blustered. "There's work to do. Lish, honey, the chief is looking for you."

Wrenched cruelly out of a romantic mood I might never recapture, I glared at Boomer with venom, and seizing Alicia by the hand, I tore her away from his very vicinity.

"We'd better go find the boss," she said. "Have you seen him in his breeches? He looks like a nervous turnip."

"They're usually phlegmatic, turnips," I said.

"He's got reason to be nervous," Alicia went on. "He's let Jim spend too much money on this picnic, and if the new perfume doesn't go over, the boss is sunk."

"Have you smelled the stuff yet?" I asked.

"No. Nobody has, except the boss. See that big perfume bottle on the platform? The chairman of the board is going to unveil it, and at the same time a fountain of Safari will spray out of that big kettle."

WE DISCOVERED the Old Boy gazing hypnotically into the cage of a rock python. He appeared more distraught than ever, his jowls quivering in unison with the flesh on his plump hands.

At that moment the tom-toms ceased.

"It's the signal for the unveiling," Alicia said.

Now all conversation stopped with them, all eyes turned and saw the chairman of the board mounting the platform.

"Friends," said the chairman, a small man somewhat swallowed by his sun helmet. "We have come on safari in search of a rare perfume . . . one so rare that scarcely a living soul knows its fragrance. It is not for me to uncover this precious treasure, but rather the man who has led this safari."

I could see Boomer pushing his obnoxious way to the rostrum.

"The new perfume known as Safari," went on the chairman, pushing his helmet back so he could see, "the new perfume will be revealed for the first time by one of our fine executives who you may be interested to learn is due for more than one surprise tonight! I present Mr. James Boomer, who doesn't know that he is our new . . . Midwest . . . regional . . . manager!"

What was the ruffian saying? Boomer! I turned to stone, just vaguely aware that Alicia was pressing my arm in extreme agitation.



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Heinz Main Course Dishes

Big Music, Small People

Continued from page 15

kids. The musicians came out and Kash had them play, one by one. Then they all played together and the first thing I knew I was listening to Mozart. Somebody should put this on for adults."

The concertgoers are ordinary kids with a quarter to spend on Saturday afternoon, and the way they press into the concerts has downtown movie managers wishing Gene Autry would shoot Kash. Small boys, setting out for an afternoon of western adventure with their pearl-handled revolvers, wind up standing on the seats helping Kash to lead the orchestra. One boy with an afternoon paper route hires an uncultured substitute on concert days.

His Violin is Secondhand

Kash, who is also a concert violinist, gets out his trusty Guadagnini fiddle and knocks off Paganini's "24th Caprice," a virtuoso test. As the boys' eyes glaze trying to follow his fingers he leaves the impression that fiddle-playing takes as much fancy stuff as a one-hand dribble through the opposing basketball team.

After one concert Kash was approached backstage by a youthful committee which requested him to play the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" so they could see the finger and bow work close up. The maestro said, "Aw, Harry James can play it better." They insisted, "Please play it." Kash tucked his fiddle under his jaw and gave it everything, the sort of effort the CBC pays him a plump fee to deliver.

A boy asked, "Where did you get the violin?" Kash explained that it was made in Milan in 1753 by Jean Baptiste Guadagnini. "Did you buy it, or get it secondhand?" asked another lad who doubted that Kash was 197 years old. The fiddler confessed, "I bought it secondhand."

"How much was it?" they wanted to know. Kash, who dislikes putting price tags on music appreciation, said evasively, "A lot." The kids crowded him with, "How much, Mr. Kash?" The conductor said, "Oh, five thousand dollars."

A schoolteacher later showed Kash some essays the boys had turned in about their backstage interview. One wrote, "Mr. Kash played the 'Flight of the Bumble Bee' so fast you couldn't see his fingers." Another said, "Mr. Kash's secondhand violin is so valuable you could buy two new Buicks with it."

Kash commented, "I shouldn't have mentioned the price. It knocked the musical idea out of that boy's head."

Kash began his lively musical course in 1946 with concerts explaining the origins of percussion instruments, wind instruments and strings. An infant rhythm band and Indian tom-toms made the point about the drums, and the origins of melody turned out to be such homely sounds as kids imitating cries of newsboys, a train announcer and a pushcart vegetable man.

Dr. Marius Barbeau, a folk-lore expert, volunteered to help put the children on the trail of music in another concert. Kash asked the crowd, "Who were the first people in Canada?" They yelled, "The Indians." That led to Dr. Barbeau's dramatic entrance down the aisle from the rear, beating an Indian tambourine and chanting a native song-story. He advanced to the stage and chanted the story of the "Hunter and the Bear," while young pupils of Mrs. Brenda Beament's eurythmic classes interpreted the legend.

At the next concert three months

later Kash was unfolding a musical revelation when he noticed a three-year-old girl break out of her seat and climb onstage. Kash halted his patter and asked her what cooked. The kid was jiggling with anticipation. She said, "Is the bear going to dance today?" Kash decided that individuals under six are a little too single-minded to march steadily through music with their elders, and he exiled the nursery crowd. Now you have to be all of six to get in and dig Beethoven.

Kash keeps the house lights on during the concerts, so that there is no psychological separation of players and audience. He finds that small boys who are allowed to come onstage afterward and take a whack at the kettle drum are surefire converts to music.

When the kids see each instrument singled out for its own demonstration they adopt favorite instruments and listen for the sound of their special one during ensemble playing. As any musician will tell you, this is first-class ear training and leads to analytical listening. The Ottawa kids do not overhear music, which so many of us do on the radio—they listen. Kash found that recorded music, even the best, passed through their ears unlistened to while the live performance lodged in their minds. Two little girls were overheard during a concert. One said, "I like the oboe best," while her companion said, "Moi, je préfère la flûte."

An eight-year-old boy lost his heart to the big golden harp. He went home and unbolted his treasured Meccano bridge and constructed a harp. He brought it to Kash, who noted that it had no strings. Kash stretched a rubber band over the harp. The boy straddled it, crooked his head the way he had seen the professional do, and twanged a mighty buzzing B flat. "Proudest musician you ever saw," says Kash.

A Soda Straw Symphony

Kash restrains himself from baby talk and patting little heads. The kids demand a straight approach and resent patronizing attitudes. In an early concert Kash was giving them the inside dope on woodwinds, explaining how the flute, oboe and bassoon evolved from wooden whistles. A kid leaped up in the audience and declared that he had whittled a whistle. Kash invited him to come onstage and exhibit his work. Kash examined it and said, "Humm, basswood." The boy gave an eloquent smirk to the audience, conveying the idea that Kash was a know-it-all, seized the whistle and issued a blast that shivered the windows. The conductor then gave a somewhat lame solo on the shepherd's pipes to illumine the next stage in the upward march of woodwinds.

Once the maestro had a brilliant idea for demonstrating the working of the double reed in the oboe. When the kids arrived they found a soda straw in each seat. "And now," said Kash, "if you will just take up your straws we will see how the oboe works." The youngsters held up the straws and, as one man, it occurred to them that straws look good sailing through the air. The auditorium looked like a wheatfield in the immediate van of a combine. Kash the Conductor stood dismayed, then Kash the Kid doubled up and howled.

In a subsequent concert the conductor tried to regain face. He presented some infants in 18th century court costume who danced a minuet to an oboe and bassoon piece by Mozart. The mob took it big. Kash

Continued on page 33

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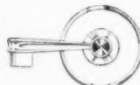
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Continued from page 31

grinned and informed them that Mozart had written the minuet when he was six years old. It was regarded as a direct challenge to Ottawa's younger composers. Kash began to receive original musical scores from them.

Two sisters, 10 and 11, sent him a theme which Kash turned over to the Nova Scotian composer, Eldon Rathburn. Rathburn arranged it as a march, lullaby, and two-part invention and scherzo, which was played to stormy applause at a children's concert.

Veena Malik, nine-year-old daughter of Sardar Malik, then the Indian High Commissioner to Ottawa, also wrote a piece which Kash thought so well of that he played it as a violin solo. The concertgoers felt they had put baby Mozart in his place. This year Kash plans to jog them up with an opera Mozart wrote when he was 12.

Eight-Year-Old Concert Star

Children under 12, like most of us, have difficulty connecting history with dates. In his explanatory patter Kash avoids dates and conveys the historical sense as often as possible by presenting singers and dancers in the costume of the period. In an afternoon of English music he presented the Tudor Singers, an adult madrigal-singing group from Ottawa. The Tudors appeared in rich medieval costumes and sang unaccompanied around a table lighted with tapers. They sang the oldest recorded English song, "Sumer Is Icumen In," and the beautiful madrigal, "All Creatures Are Now Merry-Minded." After the show, when Kash always invites the crowd onstage to inspect the instruments, the musicians were neglected. The patrons circled around the Tudor Singers, feeling their costumes.

The children's concert is not an amateur hour starring Little Willie and his quarter-size violin in a remarkable (at least to his parents) recital of the "Bear Went Over the Mountain." Kash doesn't bore his audience with dub musicians of any age. At the same time he is always scouting for burgeoning talent.

Kash once caught a Junior Music Club concert at the National Museum, where he heard an eight-year-old red-headed violinist named Kenneth Scott. "He had a good bow arm," says Kash, "and the kind of assurance that reflects talent." Kash signed up Kenneth, in spite of the fact that the boy had been studying for only a year. Young Scott memorized the "Corelli Theme" in three weeks and played it forcefully at a children's concert. Kash joined him and played the Fritz Kreisler variations on Tartini's version of the theme. The older violinist says, "Kenneth repeated the theme, I did the variations, and we finished with a duet. I turned to cue him on his entrance to the duet, but he came right in on the note without prompting."

Disk Jockeys Sell Classics

Kash schemes a great deal on how to make visible demonstrations of music history. To illustrate the evolution of the violin he borrowed a crude Chinese viol from the proprietor of the Canton restaurant in Ottawa. He sat down and taught himself to play the instrument and made a commendable tune on it for his patrons. A boy came up afterward and asked to see the Oriental fiddle. What the kid wanted to know was, "Can you play 'Chopsticks' on that?"

A little girl, whom Kash noticed was admiring the trombone on her visits backstage, divulged to Kash that she was making her life's work the com-

position of a concerto for the trombone and "big bass tuba." Some of them get a fixation on an instrument without grasping the name of it.

Kash once found an almost tearful six-year-old boy hanging around backstage as the musicians departed. "Where's the big red thing?" he whimpered. "The long thing. I want to see the long red thing." Kash ran outside and caught the bassoonist, who returned with the long red thing—the bassoon—and let the boy look it over.

"Kids have no preconceived notions about music," says Kash. "Modern music is as welcome as the classics. Nobody told them that Darius Milhaud or William Walton are supposed to be difficult, radical moderns. They listen with open ears and form their own taste."

Kash has not hesitated to play them William Walton's satirical surrealist piece, "Facade," although he omitted Edith Sitwell's nonsense chant which set off a near-riot when the suite was first played in England. On the same bill of English music the children heard Gilbert and Sullivan and, as a stirring finale, Sir Edward Elgar's imperial march, "Pomp and Circumstance." The forty-piece Tech High band, brave strapping youths in red sweaters, marched on and sprained the architecture with Elgar's rouser.

Kash says, "I watched the little boys' eyes popping out. After that none of them thought playing an instrument was for sissies."

Kash's all-French concert last year demonstrates how the children's concert committee pulls together the musical resources of a community to implant so-called "deep music" in an eager kid audience. Before the concert the hard-working committee gets out posters drawn by the kids themselves. They even have classical disk jockeys to generate interest: students of Carleton College get 15 minutes on CFRA to play recorded excerpts from the program.

When Music Comes Alive

The music-minded Roman Catholic schools and the French Press support the children's concerts as fully as the English-language Press and radio and public school officials. Kash's work is an outstanding example of how to break down lingering divisions between English-speaking and French-speaking Canada and between children of religious and secular schools.

The hard-working volunteer committee works this musical miracle on a fiddle string. The total budget for four concerts is about \$2,000, of which the kids cover half with their quarters. Public-spirited contributors underwrite the deficit.

The Ottawa formula is clearly blueprinted for any community to follow in a National Film Board movie about the concerts. English film producer Basil Wright, who is among the many Europeans who have admired the picture, says: "The director, Gudrun Parker, has captured with apparent but deceptive ease the wonderment in children's eyes when music begins to come alive."

The maestro of music without yawns is a dark energetic bachelor, born in Toronto, where he clamped a quarter-size violin under his chin at the age of five and in two years was a concert prodigy. Kash studied in Toronto and Philadelphia and spent four years studying and touring in a dozen European countries before World War II.

As a concert violinist and also the conductor of the Ottawa Philharmonic, Kash has a personality problem peculiar to professional musicians: how old should he say he is? He says, "You've

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WINDSOR, ONTARIO

got to be a young violinist and old conductor to fit people's conceptions." Kash is under 40, but it will be okay with him if the kids date him as an elderly 18, the violin fans as 21, and the Philharmonic patrons consider him a young-looking 55. He strives to please them all.

For eight years Kash was musical director of the National Film Board. He is a regular concert violinist on CBC Wednesday Night. Radio transcriptions of his concerts of Canadian music have been distributed in 50 foreign countries, one of the few opportunities foreigners have of finding out what goes on among Canada's creative people.

Kash is a champion of living Canadian composers. He has introduced compositions by Oskar Morawetz, Eldon Rathburn, Clermont Pepin, Maurice Blackburn, and Robert Fleming, among other contemporaries. Last year Paris music lovers heard Kash in two programs of Canadian and French music on the National Radio.

Kash gets around. This season he will give violin concerts from Quebec to Moose Jaw and a South American tour is in the offing. The demands are heavy: four children's concerts, seven Philharmonic dates, another dozen radio concerts and personal appearances as a soloist, plus about 50 full-length rehearsals. To avoid going stale Kash is inaugurating this

season a youth concert series which will end up as dances.

One of Kash's pals is another fellow who gets around and who has advertised Ottawa in far corners of the world—portrait photographer Yousuf Karsh. Although Karsh of Ottawa is often working in the White House, No. 10 Downing Street and the Vatican he tries to be in Ottawa for an important job during the winter. He acts as a judge on the children's poster contest for the kid concerts. Last year Karsh looked at no fewer than 500 entries.

Karsh meets Kash in strange places on their rapid rambles around various countries. Recently they just missed each other at New York's Hotel Algonquin. Kash checked out an hour before Karsh checked in. A friend called the hotel for the musician, to complain about an appointment Kash had missed. The switchboard girl connected him with Karsh, the photographer.

Karsh lifted his phone and a voice said, "You're a stinker." He said, "I beg your pardon. There must be some mistake. This is Yousuf Karsh." The voice said, "Where did you pick up that phoney accent, Kash?"

Before it was unraveled the hotel management was bowing in to Karsh's suite to apologize. Karsh said, "It's perfectly all right, gentlemen. I understand. It was just a friend of Eugene Kash." ★



RIGHT DRESS!

A Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Dustan

THE tattered up-toed shoes of Charlie Chaplin, Santa Claus' scarlet ensemble, and the square-crowned Churchillian chapeau illustrate the old saying about clothes making (or certainly marking) the man. Here, from song and story, are 15 characteristic costumes, or significant parts thereof. Can you put the right people into at least a dozen of them? Ten are men, four women, and one is a couple.

1. A glass slipper
2. Nothing much before (and rather less than half of that behind)
3. A polychromatic coat
4. The red shoes
5. A hat priced at half a guinea
6. Topless herring boxes
7. A green necktie
8. A long queer coat . . . half of yellow and half of red
9. A runcible hat
10. *Ficus carica* foliage
11. A "deerstalker" cap
12. An inky cloak (and customary suits of solemn black)
13. Winged sandals
14. A jerkin of the Lincoln green
15. A little red velvet cloak

Answers on Page 36

The Firemen Wore Tuxedos

Continued from page 19

requirement was waived in his case because he had been mascot for seven years and he was the fastest sprinter in the Maritimes. (In 1931 and 1932 he was senior 100-yard and 220-yard champion.) Hose reel races were still popular in those days and the department figured he could help to defeat rivals.

During the war he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy and was posted to naval bases in the United States for training in fire fighting. He was then appointed instructor at the RCN fire-training school at Esquimalt. When he was discharged early in 1946, Kentville's firemen, who choose their own officers, elected him chief.

He's a disciplinarian but realizes that social gatherings nourish comradeship and keep up morale. The department sets aside \$1,500 a year for entertainment, including an annual "ladies' night" and an educational tour when the boys hire a train or a boat for an excursion which usually winds up with a seaside clam bake and revelry by night.

Not only do the volunteers work without cash reward but they help to raise the funds which keep their equipment rolling. Each Saturday they run a bingo game that draws hundreds. They also own and operate a profitable canteen.

The firemen are keenly aware of the value of public relations. They sponsor sports for children (their hockey team last year won the Kentville and district championship) and participate in the Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival.

Pals With the Smoke-Eaters

Chief Wade also encourages his men to interest themselves in politics. When he spoke to the International Association of Fire Chiefs at Miami he said the greatest handicap confronting volunteer departments is "the failure of town councils to accept the challenge of fire. Many times when a town has a serious fire equipment it should have had is lacking and fire precautions have not been carried out. You will hear loud outbursts of condemnation for a few days and in a couple of weeks all is forgotten—until the next disaster."

He advises volunteers to elect their own men to the town council, then apply pressure. Mayor R. W. Rottler, of Kentville, was elected as a firemen's candidate. He has been honorary fire chief for 15 years. Councilor G. L. Hiltz is captain of a fire department company and Wade himself was a councilor from 1946 to 1949.

Wade and his associates campaigned for a new firehall in 1946 by circulating petitions, addressing meetings, and parading. They plastered store windows with big photographs showing the worst points of the old firehall.

You couldn't visit Kentville now without seeing the new fire station. The locals consider it more interesting than the monument to Evangeline and the Acadian Museum at nearby Grand Pré.

It has shower baths, lockers, a banquet hall, kitchen, card room, and office for the chief. Besides being the fire station it's a clubhouse for firemen and their friends.

A businessman, asked if it wasn't a big fire station for a small town, replied: "Yes, but we get our money's worth. Kentville's buildings are mostly wood, but because our firemen are on their toes insurance rates are the lowest in Nova Scotia. When they were reduced in 1948 it meant an annual

saving of \$15,000 to property owners. With a saving like that you can soon pay for a \$75,000 firehall."

And there's another angle: The firemen create good will and attract rural trade. They help the farmers and the farmers help Kentville. They feel the smoke-eaters are their friends.

The department was formed in 1888 and until the late 1920s was the same as hundreds of other volunteer fire brigades in Canada—a group of public-spirited but poorly equipped and ill-trained citizens who were more willing than efficient. The original hose reels, ladder wagon and salvage cart were towed on ropes behind the firemen as they pelted to fires on foot. The men were often so winded when they arrived at a fire that they had to rest before going into action.

Horse-drawn equipment was acquired in 1915 and in 1919 a Model T chassis carried two chemical tanks and a hose. The brigade could now travel faster and farther and extended its aid to neighboring villages.

They Pass the Hat

In 1925 the firemen decided they should have a pumper and persuaded a stubborn town council to buy it. The council, angered that its hand had been forced, issued an order that the pumper was not to be taken outside the town.

R. W. Peck, a boilermaker who was chief then, told councilors the pumper would go where it was needed and in the face of his defiance the council backed down. The department resolved then to purchase its own equipment in future. Bill Lynch, of Halifax, proprietor of a traveling carnival, offered to help raise money. The Lynch show has visited Kentville each year since 1925 and turned over more than \$50,000 to the department.

Funds came from other sources too—garden parties and bazaars held by firemen's wives and dances and card parties held by clubs and lodges. Farmers sent generous gifts.

It's an established custom that if the department goes out of town to fight a fire residents in the district pass the hat. The congregation gave \$250 when Kentville firemen saved the church at nearby Camard. George Chase, Nova Scotia's apple king, writes a cheque to the Kentville brigade every time it fights a fire at Port Williams, the apple-shipping centre seven miles from Kentville. He contributed \$500 once when the volunteers put out a fire in an apple warehouse.

A Shining Safety Record

From 1925 to 1935 the department built up a reserve of \$15,000. With this it bought a second pumper and a truck chassis. The firemen turned the chassis into a ladder truck. Today the brigade owns all its apparatus except two pumps purchased by the town. There are three other pumps, an aerial ladder truck, homemade service ladder truck and a squad truck.

Firemen buy their own uniforms and furnish their recreation rooms. The town treasury maintains the fire station, pays the salary of a caretaker and foots the bills for gasoline and oil. But the best fire department in any Canadian town costs Kentville's taxpayers only \$5,000 a year.

Kentville has had two bad fires in the last decade—one in the Robinson business block and another in a theatre. Outside of these the fire loss has been as small as \$50 a year.

The department's record won the Canadian Chamber of Commerce award as the best in any Canadian town in the 3,000 population class in

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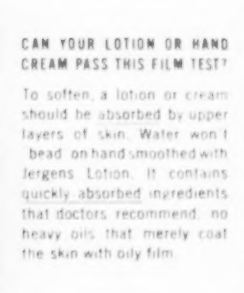
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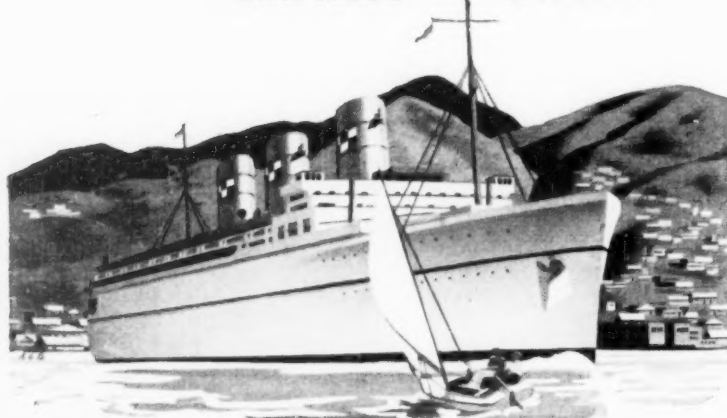
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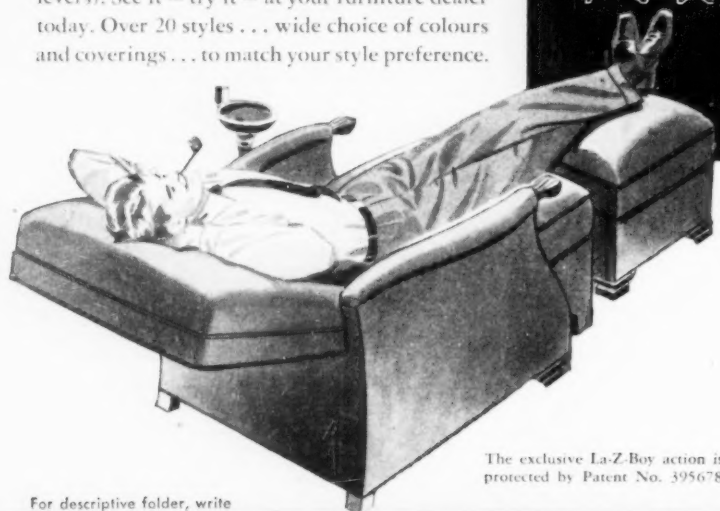
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1935, 1936 and 1937. In 1942 when Kentville's population edged above 4,000 the National Fire Protection Association judged its department best in Nova Scotia towns up to 10,000. It remained best in the 10,000-class in Nova Scotia in 1943, 1944 and 1945, and in 1946 the N.F.P.A. called it the best in any city or town in the Maritimes. In 1947 it won the National Fire Protection Association award as the best in any Canadian town. (The N.F.P.A., with which the Dominion Board of Fire Underwriters is affiliated, is an international body with headquarters in the United States.)

They Won't Stay Away

In 1948 Kentville's department was edged out of first place in Canada by Kenogami, Que., but it was back again in 1949.

Since 1888 three Kentville firemen have lost their lives on fire duty. The last was Frank Meister in 1947. He was handling a hose at a rural fire when an automobile skidded on a patch of ice and killed him.

Bylaws of the brigade set forth that if a fireman neglects to attend three meetings in a row he shall be called on by the secretary-treasurer, and that if he has no satisfactory excuse he shall be "dealt with." It's been years since the secretary-treasurer has had to "deal with" anybody. Most fire-fighters couldn't be kept away from meetings with a machine gun.

And Kentville's never had a function important enough to keep them away from a fire. When the Maritime Fire Chiefs' Convention was held in the town a few years ago there was a ball for the delegates—a formal affair for

Answers to Quiz.

RIGHT DRESS

(See Page 34)

1. Cinderella
2. Gunga Din (Kipling)
3. Joseph
4. Karen in Andersen's fairy tale of that name
5. The Hatter (Tenniel's illustrations, "Alice in Wonderland")
6. "Herring boxes, without topses, sandals were for Clementine"
7. "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" (Old song by W. J. McKenna)
8. The Pied Piper (Browning)
9. Edward Lear ("How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!")
10. Adam and Eve
11. Sherlock Holmes
12. Hamlet
13. Mercury (Hermes)
14. Robin Hood
15. Little Red Ridinghood

which the firemen dug their tuxedos out of mothballs. In the middle of festivities an alarm rang and away went the volunteers to a fire. The tuxedos in Kentville haven't been the same since. You can't smell the mothballs for smoke. ★

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

Donald Gordon and the Vanishing Writer



BACK in the early 1930's, when Donald Gordon, now president of the CNR, was an assistant branch manager with the Bank of Nova Scotia in Toronto, he was left in charge when the manager went on holidays. One of the first customers to apply for a loan was a plausible *entrepreneur* who was, among other things, a free-lance writer.

The man had just landed a firm contract to write, produce and direct a series of 13 radio dramas for station CKGW for a \$3,000 fee, but sundry creditors were harassing him and he needed \$1,500 to get them out of his hair so he could concentrate on the big job.

Gordon examined the contract, found it was valid, and advanced the money. A few days later a choleric head office informed him

that such loans were much too esoteric for bankers' blood and held him personally liable for its recovery. Then two days before the series was scheduled to start the writer-producer-director vanished.

Gordon was dismayed, but his wife Maisie saved the day. She had taken a course in dramatic art and elocution at the University of Toronto, had given a recital in Massey Hall at 18 and had been heralded as a coming dramatic star.

For 13 weeks Gordon and his wife wrote one-act mystery plays, pressed neighbors into accepting parts, took a couple of major roles apiece and aired the entire series. The loan was paid off and Gordon later became branch manager and went on to be head of the Bank of Canada.—Grattan Gray.

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Europe

Continued from page 9

balmy and sunny the day Eisenhower landed in Paris. His welcome at Orly airfield was impressive both in point of the ceremony and the number of newsmen present.

He drove to his headquarters, the Astoria Hotel, Champs Elysées, and together with other journalists I kept a vigil at the hotel most of the day. The wide avenue outside was thick with Parisians strolling in the sunshine and the most extraordinary feature of the scene was their complete lack of reaction to Eisenhower's appearance.

Although his arrival at the Astoria was headlined in all newspapers hardly an eye was turned toward the hotel by passing crowds. Gendarmes guarding the entrance stood about sleepily with nothing to do. One remarked happily, "This is most pleasant. Last month I was on duty when Ingrid Bergman visited here. *Mon Dieu*, such crowds, you would not believe it!"

If Eisenhower working in his upstairs office glanced down at the crowds strolling by the hotel he might have recalled his last appearance on Champs Elysées in 1945 when it required the locked arms of thousands of gendarmes to control the hysterically cheering crowds.

In the five years between, a new thing has risen in Europe. You cannot call it isolationism, for purely physical factors make isolation impossible in Europe. Perhaps a better word would be insulation—a desire to shield their minds from the perils against which there is no sure shield for their bodies.

Suffering Breeds Selfishness

There are three reasons, I believe, for this curious insulation of the Western European peoples against an awareness of war danger. The first is psychological. After 11 years of privation and danger and death the people are beginning to live again. Life is almost normal. These people refuse to entertain the thought of another war. It is a blank spot on their collective brain. And it is difficult to convince them that the Russians, who suffered even more than they during the last war, can seriously consider a new war—dictatorship or no.

The second reason stems from an idea deeply rooted among the people that their own governments do not seriously share America's concern about war with Russia. Every long-range plan promulgated by governmental authority points to continued peace.

In England, for instance, in the same week that the King delivered his sober Christmas message, he also announced plans for a tour of Australia and New Zealand in 1952. This does not smell like war to the British people who know that the King does not lightly make such auspicious plans without deep consultation with his ministers. In Whitehall plans for a new type of air-raid shelter have been shelved for three years because materials are more urgently required for industry.

The third reason for this insulation lies in an inclination among European peoples to regard America as a young and headstrong nation whose fears and foibles must not be taken too seriously. There is ample appreciation of the American effort in Korea, but it is pointed out that France in Indo-China and Britain in Malaya have been fighting the Communists for three years with comparable casualties but without the fearsome excitement which has accompanied the American sacrifice.

In short, by emotion and what they believe is sound reason, many of the

people of Western Europe decline resolutely to regard war as a near prospect.

And there is an overriding reason which encompasses all three reasons I have set down up to now. In its most fateful hour since Genghis Khan's hordes drove into Central Europe, Western civilization finds itself without dynamic leadership. In the face of possible disaster there is no rallying point. In France politics has fallen to the lowest ebb in the history of the republic. A cabinet crisis raises less interest than a championship prize fight and even Charles de Gaulle, who still bravely tours the hinterland calling

for action, is regarded with pity, like a has-been movie star.

In England Clement Attlee's policy of systematically discarding overseas responsibility in favor of pursuing internal socialistic revolution has invested the British public with a singularly insular psychology.

A British M.P. summed it over lunch the other day. He told me: "Ten years of suffering have bred a curious selfishness among our people and fear of atomic warfare has intensified this selfishness. It is my estimate that if the Russians drove across Europe 30% of the people of France, Italy—and I'm

sorry to say 20% of the British—wouldn't raise a finger in resistance."

The mantle of leadership of Western civilization has fallen to the U. S. and the bitter fact is that American leadership has not only failed to inspire confidence but has actually evoked the suspicion that Western Europe is being used as a pawn in the squabble between internationalists and isolationists at home.

There is an active fear here that America's war hysteria is far outdistancing American determination to defend Europe and that if Russia is panicked into war a change in the

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volatile U. S. foreign policy will leave Europe helpless.

The reason why Eisenhower was so casually received by Western European peoples is that the enthusiasm he might have inspired was effectively canceled out by the Hoover and Taft isolationist speeches which preceded him across the Atlantic.

If the average European could speak openly he'd say: "There are two ways in which we can face the Soviet threat. First is to manoeuvre ourselves diplomatically for the next three or four years during which time it is our belief Russia will be busy trying to consolidate its Asiatic satellites. No one can predict what new weapons will be developed or what new Titos will arise to change the complexion of the world situation.

"The second way is for America and ourselves to create immediately a solid military defense of Europe. This can be done only with full American help and with the guarantee that America is unified and determined on this project.

"We would prefer the second way, but unless there is a guarantee of American constancy in foreign policy we choose to withdraw from American leadership and steer a neutral course as best we can."

On the diplomatic level there is a tendency in Paris and London to follow a middle course between full preparedness and diplomatic manoeuvre.

Some diplomatic listening posts inside the U.S.S.R. still insist there's little evidence that an attempt to conquer Western Europe is presently scheduled by Moscow. On the purely military side intelligence reports fail to show troop movements, the preparation of road and rail communications or the material buildup necessary for an offensive this spring.

This is especially true in Eastern Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia where intelligence reports are considered accurate. Moreover, diplomatic intelligence reaching London and Paris seems to agree that the Soviet internal situation is not yet sufficiently secure to command national support of aggressive warfare. Indeed these reports hold out hope of startling revolutionary developments inside Russia.

I went to Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan, who was Eisenhower's deputy chief of staff, for an informed opinion on the military strength needed to defend Western Europe effectively. Sir Frederick, the man who created the master plan of liberation for Europe in 1944, is a soldier who is unusual in that he always speaks on the record regardless of repercussions.

I asked him, "How many divisions does Eisenhower need and where should we set up our main line of defense?"

Sir Frederick replied, "You can't figure it in terms of divisions. Some politician mentioned 50 divisions the other day. How did he arrive at that

figure? Did he pick it out of a hat? That's not the way the defense of Europe can be figured. The first thing that must be developed is a spirit of resistance. Right now there is none—none in Germany, none in France and very little even in England. What's the use of putting even 100 divisions along any line if there is no spirit of resistance among the people?"

"Our line of defense must be where we stand today. The spirit of resistance must be such that the peoples of America and Europe will say to Eisenhower: 'You tell us what you need and we will raise the men and the armor.' Then the defense of Europe will be secured. It's not the number of divisions in the line that would cause the Russians to hesitate; it's military strength combined with the spirit of resistance. That's real defense in depth and that more than anything else will stop the Russians.

"The situation is dangerous," he went on, "but it can be retrieved. Of course Russia feels she can walk across Europe today as far as the Channel. But this does not mean she feels she can win. There are two great deterrents operating against Russia. The first is the fear of American production which spells out to Russia that she cannot win a war in which America is involved. The second is her fear of American offensive strength in the air, which is very real and very great."

To sum up: If war comes will Europe make the full effort? Will Europe fight?

If Russia attacked today there would be little organized resistance by nations between the Elbe and the Channel because there is not sufficient war spirit among the people to fight a losing war. There is not sufficient war spirit because (1) they don't believe war is imminent or even probable, and (2) they are virtually naked of defensive strength.

Will Europe make the full effort? If European and American leaders can come together and agree, not only on paper but in hard practice, on a diplomatic and military policy toward Russia, they can act as a linchpin to bind the peoples of America and Western Europe. Given unity on a common purpose and a common plan, given assurance that American policy is firm and constant and free of the cross-currents of domestic politics, the people of Western Europe will make a great effort. It will not be a full effort, not to the extent that America's is a full effort, because after two world wars the European peoples have neither the substance nor the inner strength.

How great the effort will be depends on Eisenhower. His task is to weld the Atlantic community into one force. No man has ever undertaken so gargantuan a task in peacetime. If he succeeds his place in history will stand at the pinnacle of our time. If he fails we all fail. ★

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Asia

Continued from page 8

That was her unsentimental reaction to the fact that although a lot of Americans were being killed, never mind, Japan was earning lots of dollars. It seems realistic to assume that the moment U. S. occupation and U. S. dollar aid are withdrawn Japan will resume trading with Communist China.

That wouldn't have to mean Japan going over to the enemy. By inclination, as I said, the Japanese are in our camp. But if we insist on dividing the world into watertight compartments, if we proclaim that "those who are not with us are against us" and damn all "trading with the enemy," if in short we try to fight the political war as if it were a military war, then we leave the Japanese no choice. They must trade with China. If that be treason, we shall have to make the most of it.

In India there's a similar situation, but here we have even more ground to make up. India, that great free democracy which ought to be our best friend in the East, is today more inclined to be hostile.

One evening in New Delhi I was talking around the dinner table with a group of fellow Westerners about the

are on one side and old-fashioned Western imperialism on the other, the Indians side with Communism.

Indo-China is the best contemporary example. Indians regard Emperor Bao Dai as a French puppet and they have no use for him. They may regret that the nationalists are led by Communist Ho Chi-Minh, but they still back nationalism against imperialism.

Americans regard this attitude as little better than fellow-traveling, and this annoys Indians beyond measure. They think, as one of Nehru's advisers put it, that "Americans are completely obsessed by their fear of Communism. They are quite hysterical about it."

People "Losing All Hope"

This naturally heightens Indian suspicion of Western intentions and fear of being dragged into Western quarrels. India desperately needs financial help, but Indians are all too ready to believe that the motive of dollar aid is to buy foot soldiers for World War III.

On two different occasions intelligent and responsible Indians told me quite seriously, "India has refused an American offer of dollar aid. The terms were unacceptable; they wanted military bases in our territory."

I repeated this fantastic story to Loy Henderson, U. S. Ambassador to India, and he was shocked. The tale is completely untrue. No such offer was ever made or even discussed.

But the ambassador may not have realized why such a rumor would be widely believed by intelligent men in India. There has been so much big talk in the past two years—President Truman's "Point Four," the Commonwealth's "Colombo Plan"—that Asians cannot believe the simple truth: No firm offer of help has been made at all, by anyone, on any terms. So far it has all been talk.

But Indians do know that, whatever the reason, no help has come; and they resent it. (Indians are no more consistent than the rest of us—the same man who speaks angrily of "dollar imperialism" will ask with equal indignation why India isn't getting more dollar aid.)

Japan, the foe that sank part of the U. S. fleet at Pearl Harbor, gets dollar grants averaging \$400 millions a year. India, a fighting ally which (with Pakistan) put a million men in arms on our side, had to argue for 18 months to get a loan (not a grant) of only \$24 millions.

Awareness and resentment of these things are not limited to the officials, or the small highly educated class. You hear them discussed everywhere with passionate indignation. A little shopkeeper in New Delhi brought every one of these points, including the non-recognition of Red China, into a conversation that lasted only 10 or 15 minutes.

Strengthen the Plow Arm

He was a pathetic figure, that shopkeeper. I never did learn his name or he mine, but he delivered a small purchase to my hotel room one evening. He brought it himself because he wanted a chat with a foreigner, any foreigner, about the plight of India.

"Our morale is very low, sir," he said. "Our people are losing all hope."

At Lucknow an Indian economist had put it even more strongly: "You Westerners may think India is 'safe,' that there is no Communist threat here because our Communist Party is small and weak. I tell you, if we can't solve our agrarian problem I don't know what may happen in India."

India today has about half as much



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to eat as she had 50 years ago—14 ounces of grain per person per day compared with a pound and a half in 1900. The population is rising by about 4 millions a year. Food production in 1950 was equal to that of 1938. At present 133 million people are living on a daily ration of 12 ounces of grain, barely enough to keep a human being alive.

What can be done about this desperate situation?

Quite a bit, given time and money. A few well-located dams on the great rivers of India and Pakistan would have a threefold effect. They'd make for flood control; floods last year destroyed millions of bushels of food in the Punjab, in Kashmir and elsewhere. They'd provide electricity for industrial development. They'd permit large-scale irrigation to reclaim millions of acres which are not now being cultivated at all.

Improved farming methods have worked wonders in some places. On individual demonstration farms the yield has been doubled by using the right fertilizers, plowing deep with tractors, irrigating, and so on. It has been estimated that good seed alone, supplied to every farmer, would increase crops 10% and thus offset the drop in nutrition standards since 1940.

However, none of these steps is as simple as it may sound. It's idle to talk of providing tractors where there are no mechanics, no fuel supply, no drivers and no money. Even to replace the ancient, shallow wooden plow with a deeper iron plow would be a change requiring all sorts of unexpected corollaries.

You couldn't introduce the iron plow without expanding public health services to wipe out malaria. Why? Because malaria is endemic in central

and southern India and it saps the strength and vitality of the people. A man sick of malaria isn't strong enough to hold a heavier plow in the furrow. He has a hard enough time scratching the topsoil with the ancient instrument he's using now.

Complex as they are, these problems have to be tackled. "Otherwise," said a European who has lived in India for years, "I predict a revolution in this country by 1956. It may or may not be Communist, though I should think the Communists would take it over by default. In any case it would smash the Congress Party (the present democratic government, and the only one in sight) beyond hope of salvation."

He didn't even mention another revolutionary force in India, perhaps even more dangerous than the starving masses. This is the group, small in number but potent in leadership, which has education without employment—the educated poor.

The Terrible Social Strains

Statistics in India are not very reliable, but it's estimated that there are about 100,000 university graduates in India competing for 25,000 jobs. In a land where health conditions are among the worst in the world, doctors with double degrees are unemployed. Teachers, when they can find work at all, are paid less than the miserable wage of a Bombay textile worker; many of them literally have to beg extra food from their pupils. One reason for the remarkably high standard of writing in Indian newspapers is that a good many reporters, earning \$40 a month, are graduate lawyers or Oxford M.A's.

I had lunch one day in New Delhi with Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the

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gracious and charming woman who was Mahatma Gandhi's secretary for 19 years, and is now India's Minister of Health. ("Rajkumari" is a title, like "princess"; she comes of a long line of hereditary rulers, but her father gave up his title when he married a Christian.)

She was talking of the terrible health problems of India—"2½ million people dying of tuberculosis, 5 million known to be suffering from it, yet I started out with only 6,000 hospital beds for them in all India." But when I mentioned this problem of the educa-

contemplated by the Commonwealth's Colombo Plan. He was probably right, too, in thinking \$200 millions is an outside limit for what Congress would appropriate. Uncle Sam must be getting tired playing Santa Claus to the rest of the world.

It seems, then, that if the West is to rescue the democratic East other countries, including Canada, will have to put up some of the money. We may not be rich by our own standards, but the poorest country in Europe is richer than India or Pakistan.

So far Canada hasn't appeared very eager. Canada took a major part in preparing the Colombo Plan for aid from Commonwealth countries to South and Southeast Asia. The plan proposes aid totaling \$3 billions over the next six years, or about \$500 millions a year. Nothing has been published on the sharing of this burden, how much each country should pay, but unofficially we're told that the United States might put up half of it, the Commonwealth split the other half. Canada's share would probably be something like \$30 millions a year.

When the Colombo Report came before the Canadian Cabinet in November it got a lukewarm reception. The sentence "This report has been approved by member governments" was taken out: Canada didn't want to be committed even as firmly as that.

Our government will probably be shamed into doing its part in the end, provided everyone else (including the U. S.) goes along. Douglas Abbott, who normally guards the shekels as stingily as any other finance minister, said in effect, "We can't back out now." Abbott was against our sending a delegation to Colombo in the first place, except perhaps as observers. But he felt that having taken a full and active part in drafting the Colombo Plan, Canada could hardly drop out when the time came to pay the bill.

Evidently, however, the scheme will take a bit of selling to parliament and the people. If we do put up the money, what can we hope to get for it?

In the immediate future, nothing—nothing tangible, that is. Asia is already profoundly suspicious of "saviours" who bring not peace but a sword. If we tried offering dollars in exchange for military bases or military alliances we'd get nowhere.

In the longer future (if the Communists let us have one) we'd get more than our money's worth.

Friendship itself is worth a good deal. We think it worth while to spend millions of dollars and thousands of lives to prevent Asia from being conquered by the Communists. Their conquest will be only a little slower, and a great deal surer and cheaper, if we let Asia sink into hopeless economic collapse and leave the Communists to reap the political harvest.

Asia is the biggest challenge in the world to our belief in a free economy. Communism is trying to make a going concern out of China. If the Reds fail, and the free world succeeds in India and Pakistan and Japan, the result will speak for itself. But the converse is equally true.

There's another advantage, for the long run, which it's no longer fashionable to mention. India's a country where a culture 4,000 years old, and still living, has produced a most likeable people—gentle, kind, gracious. They may be poor and illiterate and ridden by disease, but they have a dignity which is evident in the mud huts of villagers as well as in the palaces of maharajahs.

It might be worth something to us, for all our devotion to dollars and cents, just to keep an ancient and splendid civilization alive. ★

NEXT ISSUE

OTTAWA'S BATTLING SUFFRAGETTE

By Eva-Lis Wuorio

The lively story of Charlotte Whitton who refuses to concede that women are the weaker sex.

IN MACLEAN'S MARCH 1

ted poor she said without hesitation: "Yes, that is unquestionably the most dangerous situation in India today."

Generally speaking, Pakistan is in the same fix. There are many differences of detail—Pakistan is a food exporter, for one thing, and hasn't India's desperate food problem—but in the broader sense her plight is similar. Pakistan has almost no industry, almost no outlet for other than agricultural workers. Both countries need help and need it urgently. Even the present tension and hostility between them, so dismaying and discouraging to outsiders who want to be friends with both, may not be unconnected with the social and economic problems faced by each.

India's Minister of Defense, himself a Sikh from the Punjab where the biggest displacements and massacres occurred, said, "I don't think Pakistan will ever settle down to real peace with us until her internal troubles are solved. They have terrible social strains over there—90,000 people own 90% of the land. The Government needs the pressure of an external enemy to keep itself in power."

"The Pakistani might say exactly the same thing about you in India," I said. He admitted this was true.

Maybe both sides are right. Certainly it would be easier to get a reasonable response from both these countries if each had a viable economy and a sound future.

But can we in the West give them any such thing? Is it in our power to set a whole sub-continent on its feet?

An American in New Delhi gave this opinion: "I doubt very much if we can do enough to make much difference. I figure \$200 millions a year is the very most you could get through Congress for dollar aid to this area. Can we possibly raise the standard of living here with \$200 millions a year? And if we give help and if the standard of living still continues to fall, won't we just be blamed for the fact that it does fall?"

He was probably right. The lowest figure I'd heard from anyone else, for aid that would be really effective, was \$500 millions a year, just the amount

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The Russians

Continued from page 7

against China, passed unnoticed by Western military experts.

Hitler's blitzkrieg, so successful in the West, failed in the East for several good reasons, none of which has been clearly analyzed or understood. It is vital that they should be understood and applied to the strategic thinking of the West before it is too late.

When Hitler struck Russia with an immense army, supported by an experi-

enced air force, he expected to achieve total victory in a matter of weeks. Most orthodox military experts agreed with this estimate.

When, months later, the Germans bogged down no one understood that the basic reason for the German failure was that Hitler's blitzkrieg had encountered a new and revolutionary concept of war—Stalin's total war—which makes the Hitler version look like a military excursion, obsolete when applied to war between continents.

No orthodox general staff officer was prepared to believe that Russia could

suffer more than 5 million casualties in the first six months of war and muster sufficient forces for an immediate counter-offensive which lasted through most of the winter of 1941-42.

Hitler had no conception that Stalin was capable of mobilizing, training and equipping 20 million men within 16 months of the outbreak of war, accepting 10 million casualties, and then launching the tremendous counter-offensive at Stalingrad with an overwhelming superiority in men and materials.

Had Hitler guessed in time, or if he

could have penetrated the iron curtain of Soviet security, he had sufficient manpower and resources in occupied Europe to outstrip the Russian effort. But he relied on the quick and cheap way, the blitz, in two consecutive campaigns, and he lost.

Having forfeited most of their obsolete armor and artillery in the first six months of war, as well as the most productive industrial areas in European Russia, the Communists were not expected to be capable of further offensives unless and until their allies supplied them with arms.

To everyone's surprise thousands of new Soviet tanks the famous T34 which has since been encountered in Korea—and thousands of guns reached the Red Army by the spring of 1942, and by that fall the Communists held an overwhelming arms superiority in vital sectors.

In the meantime, war industry from vulnerable areas was being evacuated to the Urals and beyond, presumably to shadow factories built before the war. New areas were developed to compensate for the lost granary of the Ukraine. New oil sources were tapped. New cities, industries and communications were developed throughout Siberia.

Strategic Bombing Not Enough

What was the German Air Force doing about all this? Why did the Germans not destroy Russian cities and Russian communications as they had done in Poland and even in Britain? Why did they fail to demoralize even Moscow and Leningrad or Kiev?

Surely out of no love for the Russians! The two cities they did destroy—Sevastopol and Stalingrad—became fortresses stubbornly and skilfully defended. Is this not part of the answer? The Germans had no means to paralyze a continent; they could not break its morale by air bombardment and were forced to abandon the effort to use their air force, as the Russians did, in support of hard-pressed ground forces.

The efficacy of strategic air bombing is highly debatable. It is a fact that, in spite of all our bombing of Germany, Hitler's war production kept increasing up to the summer of 1944, and multiplied nearly three times between the winter of 1941-42 and D-Day, 1944. Only after we landed in Europe and developed airfields on the Continent, which enabled us to provide fighter cover for around-the-clock strikes by our strategic bombers, did German war production begin to decline.

But even then, by the end of 1944, total German production was reduced by only some 20%, although their cities lay in ruins.

How is it that in Korea, where U.N. forces had complete air supremacy, the North Koreans were able to concentrate time and again for offensive action and bring up supplies to feed the attack? How was it possible for the Chinese to concentrate forces and materials while Super-Forts ranged over the peninsula?

The only time North Korean morale collapsed was when U.N. forces administered a resounding defeat after the battle of Inchon. The bombing and burning of Korean towns and villages have mainly supplied the Communists with anti-American propaganda throughout Asia. It has not saved the U.N. forces from military disaster.

Surely our own experience in World War II should have taught us that saturation bombing of cities does not break a determined nation's morale. It is arguable that our bombing of German cities was the one factor which kept German morale so high until after

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their armies had been defeated and the administrative machine had collapsed. The evidence of the effect of the atom bomb is inconclusive mainly because, by the time of Hiroshima, Japan had already been defeated decisively on land, sea and in the air.

I am not arguing that strategic air power is of no consequence—it's obviously important as a subsidiary arm when intelligently used. It becomes a dangerous illusion when it is allowed to become a nation's main weapon and is used indiscriminately and unintelligently.

Hitler's blitzkrieg in the East failed because he had not grasped the fact that in modern continental warfare it is futile to hope for victory by striking at the life centres of an enemy nation. Victory can only be achieved by destruction of armies in the field and the administrative apparatus which supports them. Striking for obvious targets only makes your plan obvious to the enemy and simplifies defensive measures.

The Germans thought Soviet civilian morale would be easy to crack because it was expected Russian masses would rise against the Communist dictatorship as soon as they were given arms. This view was widely shared by Western experts on Russia and is still commonly held.

It was a view I too expounded in a book published in 1932 before I grasped Stalin's conception of total war which makes such facile optimism unrealistic.

What then is this Communist counter to the blitzkrieg? It is the theory that war is a continuous process, with military aspects subordinated to the political and economic aspects. No Red Army generals were ever allowed the prestige of their political leaders and the most productive factory and farm workers were acclaimed heroes on a par with military heroes. Total war in the Soviet sense is a continuous effort by the whole population.

There is no distinction between civilians and the military, either among friends or foes. There are no lines and no frontiers, only "fronts" and the decisive front at any time may not be a military front; it may be the "oil front" or the "bread front." Each is tackled with the fanatical fervor of a Stalingrad.

Civilian morale under these conditions does not crack easily because it dare not crack and because there are too many fanatical young Communists to see that it does not crack—unless, of course, their armies are totally defeated and the administration has collapsed.

In the last war even the area occupied by the enemy was effectively held by the Soviet dictatorship. Many DPs maintain the Ukrainians were prepared to welcome the Germans as liberators. But the Soviet dictatorship foresaw this and Communist cells were left behind to organize the rear. Their objective was not only to harass the enemy but also to keep the civilian population in line. The Germans, essentially stupid in their dealings with foreigners, kindly co-operated toward this end. Any act of sabotage by Communists and Red Army guerrillas was punished by brutal reprisals: public hangings and floggings and burning of villages. Before long the whole Ukraine, like the rest of occupied Russia, was a seething mass of partisans who tied down large German forces, hampered communications and contributed to the German debacle in the East.

Is Russia prepared for war now and would she come to the aid of China in war with the United Nations?

I believe the Communist view of the world is basically different from that

of Hitler. The difference is that the Russians are in no great hurry. As long as the bulk of humanity is ridden by fear and poverty they feel that time and history are on their side.

In view of their heavy losses in World War II it is improbable that either the Russians or Chinese are anxious to risk a major war with the West. But the more we appear to rely on the atomic weapon as our main strength and show as little comprehension of the latest developments in land warfare as we have demonstrated in Korea, the more likely are the

Communists to risk a major showdown now before the democracies wake up.

If it comes to war, what is the Communist strategy likely to be and how may it affect Canada?

The Russians are not likely to use the atom bomb first, as the whole Stalinist theory of war discards the possibility of a quick knockout against a major adversary. Even if the Americans use the atom bomb, the Russians may not retaliate with it against the U. S. or Canada, unless they have plenty to spare or unless our atomic plants are well pin-pointed

for them by our lax security. The Russians would probably save their atom bombs for Britain only the most vulnerable target of all.

Also, if they are wise, they would probably not rush in to occupy Europe. A menacing concentration of strength hanging over Europe might be far more effective in neutralizing and paralyzing that theatre in the early stages of war.

The first major Soviet objective would probably be the seizure of the Middle East and Persia, not only to protect their own vulnerable flank but

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to secure oil and deny a vital strategic area to their enemies. This they would attempt to do quickly and with overwhelming force.

Their next major objective, I believe, would be to tie down North American forces in the defense of North America. Because they are unlikely to be capable of a major invasion of this continent by sea or air, their actions would be primarily directed at creating maximum alarm and confusion in the hope of provoking a public outcry against sending troops and war material abroad. To achieve this they would probably send a considerable force to Alaska, accompanied by bands of tough Siberian troops landed by air in the Canadian North.

Their object would be not only to keep America worried and guessing as to the real scope and direction of Soviet intentions but to keep large American forces tied down in hunting these bands over the immense expanse of our Northland. Another objective would be to infiltrate saboteurs among our heterogeneous population to conduct planned and controlled sabotage through a series of blows at widely divergent points.

The forces in the North could act in a wireless-liaison capacity with the Soviet G.H.Q. and might even hope to pass supplies to saboteurs. They could probably spare a major effort for Alaska and, unless communications with that area are much improved, the Russians would tie down a considerable part of our air strength in fighting and supplying the battle for Alaska.

For these operations the Soviets could rely on a large native population in Siberia; many would be almost indistinguishable from our Eskimos and Indians. These people and Russian Siberian troops composed some of the toughest divisions in the Red Army and had wide experience in winter warfare in World War II. The Ostiaks, Voguls, Buriats and particularly the Yakuts live in the coldest climate in the world and are thoroughly inured to it. The centre of cold is not at the North Pole but in Yakutia, a forbidding Siberian plateau where the mean January temperature is 54 below zero and temperatures down to 90 below are known.

Reds Do It the Hard Way

If they succeeded in pinning North America down the next logical Communist objective would be to consolidate their hold on the millions of Asia and to regiment, train and arm them for decisive battles which would ultimately have to be fought on a continental scale in Europe and Asia.

The Soviets would probably conserve the major portion of their strategic air strength, including atom bombs, to hit concentrations of shipping, men and materials required by the West to carry out any large-scale amphibious operations in Europe or Asia.

In spite of all this, it is not inconceivable that, in time, North America might build up its military strength and ultimately make landings in Europe or Asia and win land battles there. To do so, we would need a much clearer comprehension of Soviet tactics than we have demonstrated in the relatively minor operations in Korea. By Western standards these tactics are thoroughly unorthodox. They were developed by the Russians in the school of hard knocks against the Germans, who never learned to cope with them successfully.

The basis of Soviet military thought is quite simple: it is an attempt to simplify army organization, the system of command, supply, replacements and

tactics to such a degree that the unlettered masses of Eurasia can readily master modern war technique and, by utilizing the extra toughness and endurance of the peasant, overcome superior Western techniques.

For instance, in planning an operation the orthodox general tries to select the best possible conditions for his troops. He chooses the most favorable terrain, the best time of year or time of day—tide, moon and weather must be as right as possible. The Soviet general chooses the worst possible conditions, realizing that they are likely to handicap his own troops as well as the enemy but counting on the extra

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hardiness of his peasants to pull them through.

Early in March, 1944, the Germans knew the Soviet armies were poised for a major offensive in the Southern Ukraine. They expected it to be launched not before May, when the terrible black mud of the Ukraine dries up and rivers become normal. Not so the Russians. Marshal Zhukov launched one of the greatest offensives of the war on the eastern front the day after the ice broke up. It was hard going for the Red Army. Mechanized transport was useless. Fighting equipment and munitions had to be man-handled or drawn by horses. But the German Panzer divisions were hopelessly bogged down, whereas the tough Russian peasants pushed and plodded all the way into Rumania.

Night attacks are shunned by most orthodox generals because they cause confusion in one's own ranks—people are likely to shoot their friends and turn up at the wrong places. So what? say the Communists—the confusion and casualties imposed on the enemy are likely to be even greater. Thus the Red Army chooses mud, blizzards, fogs, nights and impassable terrain to fight its battles, capitalizing on the tough fibre of its soldiery.

In its use of replacements and reserves the Red Army is unorthodox and ruthless. Western armies have a complex system of feeding replacements to the front and as long as the extra men are available casualties are replaced. Reserves are used when available to support units in difficulty and to mount counter-attacks.

The Communists are trained to expect no help and that surrender is a crime. Divisions are fought to a standstill and then replaced by other divisions. In any major battle the Soviet command usually waits for the enemy to show his hand while making front-line troops take the brunt of the fighting. Reserves are only committed in a counter-blow when the enemy has shot his bolt and has no immediate reserves. It is amazing that time and again the Russians were able to pull this manoeuvre on the Germans—in

the battle of Moscow and again at Stalingrad.

To use such tactics successfully, both security and intelligence must be of a high order; the Communists are much more conscious of both than any Western army. Security is carried to an extreme degree. Everything is totally secret—from the location of factory to the names of commanding generals.

During World War II, when the Allies wished to see Stalin or his military chiefs, they were always told they were out of Moscow conducting operations. Allied military and political leaders were never taken to Red Army General Headquarters. The Russians could always make appointments to see British and American chiefs in their offices, and everybody knew where Churchill and Roosevelt lived and conducted their business.

Even in military organization and weapon design the Soviet approach is unorthodox. They started the war with an organization on the German and Western pattern but the Russians soon discovered the system was too complex and also wasted manpower. With characteristic ruthlessness they did not hesitate to make changes.

The basis of these changes was to make organization simple, eliminate as far as possible rear staffs and services and put the greatest number of men into battle. Thus they were quick to recognize that, although mechanization is good, it was not necessary to provide an army of millions with mechanized transport—it was impractical to have all your forces riding in jeeps in a war on a continental scale. Establishments based on wasteful use of men and materials multiply supply and maintenance problems and provide excellent targets for the enemy air force. Hence the Russians considered it sufficient to have adequate pooled transport to concentrate forces where and when they wanted them. The rest of the army fought and moved on its flat feet.

In fact, the Russians soon learned that by concentrating their best men and equipment in shock and tank armies they could save overwhelming forces both for the defensive and offensive battle. From Stalingrad onward they relegated the role of holding ground to third-rate troops.

The Germans could never see through this brilliant piece of unorthodoxy and were puzzled by the fact that, although any one German division remained much better than the average Soviet division, the crack Nazi troops were incapable of preventing Russian breakthroughs and victories.

Compulsory Training A Boon

In equipment design the Communists are not inhibited by any considerations of comfort or lasting perfection. They give priority only to simplicity in manufacture and handling and hitting power. In their view both men and materials are completely expendable in war. This is what enabled the Soviets to outdistance even the Germans in tank design and manufacture.

Has the West an adequate answer to all this?

I believe it has, as long as it wakes up in time and does not delude itself with the idea the atom bomb is the only answer.

If we could realize that Communism's most potent recruiting agents are fear and want, we would stop talking about the atom bomb. In political warfare we have allowed the Communists to turn this symbol of mass terror against us by posing as champions of its destruction, while the West is

Continued on page 46



Little PLUMBING IDEAS that pay BIG DIVIDENDS

It's fun to plan—and it pays to plan—whether you're building a new home or remodelling the old. A little thought now can mean much in home comfort and convenience later. Here are a few suggestions you may find helpful in bathroom planning. Ask your plumbing and heating contractor about these and similar ideas for possible adaptation to your particular plans.

POWDER ROOM—A powder room or downstairs lavatory is most desirable in any home of more than one story. Its advantages are obvious. You'll want to consider it for the new home. In the old, perhaps there is a storage closet or some waste space under the stairway that can be turned into a really charming and practical powder room. Main things to remember are to allow adequate standing space between fixtures and to place them so they don't interfere with opening the door.

LAYOUTS—Whether the bathroom is large or small, the first step in planning is to decide upon the layout which will give the most practical and convenient arrangement of fixtures within the space available. Several basic bathroom layouts are shown in the Crane booklet "Planning your Bathroom and Kitchen." Each one, of course, allows plenty of scope for individual ideas. You can obtain a copy from your plumbing and heating contractor or by writing direct to Crane General Office or the Crane branch nearest you.

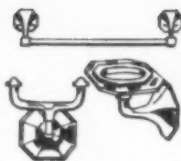
SPLASH—When considering material for covering walls and floors, you'll want to make sure, of course, that it is waterproof and easy to clean. Your painter or decorator's supply man can give you helpful information here. Attractive waterproof wallpapers are available. You can use plaster with a special water-resistant finish. There are many types of waterproof tile and wall-board, designed especially for bathrooms. Then there is glass-clear crystal, mirror backed or opaque. And, of course, paint and enamel offer a host of color possibilities. For the floor you can use linoleum or one of many types of tile, all available in a variety of patterns and colors.

HOT WATER—When planning the bathroom you'll want to have in mind also how best you can assure yourself an ample supply of hot water. Here again your plumbing and heating contractor can advise you on the selection of the appropriate domestic hot water heating equipment.

SPOUTS, ETC.—Ask him, too, about

the advantages of such modern fixtures as "The Mixing Spout Faucet", which provides the wash basin with one spout for both hot and cold supply, assuring tempered water delivery; "The Deviator Spout for Showers", the most satisfactory way of directing water at desired temperature through the shower, with no chance of a surprise dousing; the new "Thermostatic Valve" which controls the temperature of the tub's water supply; prevents it reaching the scalding point; the new "Dial-Ese" fingertip-control faucets that close with the water pressure.

ACCESSORIES—Among the little things that make any bathroom smarter



are the modern, gleaming chromium towel racks, tumbler holders, grab rails, soap containers and similar Gerityware accessories, designed in "Lifetime Chrome". They blend with any color scheme and retain their finish through the years. And speaking of color, remember that Crane bathtubs, wash basins and toilets are now available in eight charming and harmonizing colors as well as white.

CARE—The durable, glass-like sur-

faces and rounded corners of Crane bathroom fixtures are as easily cleaned as your best table china. In cleaning them, don't use anything of an abrasive or scouring nature. You don't have to. The "high water mark" in the bathtub is nothing more than grease. Hot water and soap, or one of the many popular detergents, will effectively remove it. And, of course, avoid banging anything against an enamelled surface. If filling a pail in the bath, hold it clear of the side; don't set it down unless on a pad. In short, if plumbing fixtures are protected from harsh abrasives and hard knocks, their glossy surfaces will last indefinitely.



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Your Enduring Home

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our handy new reference book "How to
Build a Better Home".



34. Basement "recreation room" is far from being a thing of the past. Current building costs make it all the more important to utilize relatively inexpensive basement space. With adequate waterproofing and heating it becomes a focal point for games and hobbies, ministering to the family's leisure hour interests. Ceiling height should be at least 7 ft. clear, with lighting recessed if at all possible.

36. "Lazy Susan" makes what is normally an awkward corner cupboard into useful, convenient space. Strip outlets above counter give freedom in locating electric appliances. Sliding doors on upper cupboards provide distinctive note, prevent banged heads. Larger kitchens are indicated in future because more families are eating their meals there and new equipment—home freezers, dishwashers, etc.—require more room than was hitherto necessary.



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Continued from page 44

presented as a champion of its use as a final arbiter in man's affairs. Such folly is only calculated to drive the frightened millions of Asia and Europe into Communist arms.

If we face the inescapable fact that the atom bomb cannot fight cheap and easy wars for us we must marshal resources and manpower on a far bigger scale. This is not impossible, since in resources, techniques and manpower the Western nations have a considerable edge on the Communists.

Although universal military training seems to be a bitter pill for some democracies, the immediate and urgent need for it is patent. We cannot effectively back the policies of the free world with a population thinking in terms of a soft urban existence and an educational system directed at making everything easy and secure from tough reality. For Canada in particular, with the crying need and opportunity of developing its immense Northland, a prematurely urbanized youth is nothing more than a national calamity and a system of compulsory national youth training would be a great boon. The Swiss are no worse democrats for being tough citizen-soldiers.

There's Room In Canada

Since, in the long run, the competition of the free world and the Communist world cannot be resolved by force alone and must be met on the plane of their comparative ability to satisfy the needs and aspirations of mankind, the West must show an eagerness, imagination and vitality in developing its immense resources for the benefit of the free world.

This applies especially to Canada, which has more resources and less population than most countries in the free world. It is of great importance economically and strategically to promote rapidly the development of Canada's Northwest, backing Alaska. Here in the whole area of Alberta, British Columbia—not to mention the Yukon and the Northwest Territories—there is magnificent opportunity for development. Here is room for many industries and people from overcrowded and vulnerable Britain and Europe.

Russia Holds the High Cards

At the present the lack of population and communications in the Northwest poses a direct threat to this continent's security. Few realize that the much-advertised Alaska Highway is not an all-weather military road, but has weak links between Dawson Creek and Edmonton, which at times are no better than mud tracks. The total lack of railways and insufficiency of roads, industrial and agricultural development back of Alaska will impose additional strain on the air force, should a crisis arise.

If democracy can be revitalized a military showdown may not prove necessary. For the long pull the Communists do not hold all the cards, and the Russians have not shown any great comprehension of how to control and direct the destinies of other nations. Even with their brother Slavs they have often had the experience which they are now undergoing with Tito.

But, as of now, the Russians hold most of the high cards. Their dynamic is stronger than ours; their goals are positive and clearly defined and they are mobilizing their strength and resources toward the attainment of those goals. In this, unorthodoxy is their trump suit. It will remain their trump suit until the planners opposed to them abandon their already discredited passion for what is orthodox and easy. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

leadership and its methods is pure waste of time.

"We have to work with them anyway," an External Affairs man said. "The Americans didn't ask to be the leaders of the free world. They have to be; nobody else can. So it's no use complaining about the American system of government. It's there and neither we nor they can change it. The thing to remember is that they're a great people who have done a magnificent job and that we'd all be helpless without them."

* * *

On the other hand, Ottawa is also worried by a growing tendency among Americans themselves to regard all criticism or even hesitation as treacherous hostility. Canadians feel this even more than the other allies.

"It would be better if we didn't speak the same language," one official said wryly. "Maybe if the other two thirds of us spoke French too we'd get on better. The Americans can make allowances for the French, and even for the British. But when somebody with a North American accent disagrees with them he's just unspeakable. He's a traitor."

That was, of course, a facetious overstatement. Canadians still get on with Americans better than anyone else does.

The cold unpalatable fact is that American policy in the past year has given some cause for disquiet, even dismay, among the Americans' best friends.

Take the Korean affair as the outstanding example. Months before the Korean war broke out American chiefs of staff had written off Korea as indefensible and not worth defending. That military opinion was unanimous in the Western world, and it was no secret. The State Department seemed to agree. When Dean Acheson addressed the National Press Club in Washington a year ago last month he drew the American defense line down the Pacific from Japan through Okinawa to the Philippines. Korea and Formosa were both excluded.

No allied government was even notified, let alone consulted, when this decision was reversed last June. South Korea was invaded on a Saturday, western time. As late as Monday night Ottawa and London were still assuming no action would be taken. Mike Pearson got a phone call from Washington about midnight, telling him of the statement President Truman was releasing to the morning newspapers announcing American intervention.

Military planners in other countries did not change their minds. In July, National Defense people in Ottawa were still calling it militarily insane. In August, when Britain decided to send troops, the decision went directly against the judgment of military advisers—it was a political decision, pure and simple. So was the Canadian action which followed soon after, though it did not go so far.

This is not to say the allied governments thought President Truman's action wrong. As time went on most of them probably came to feel that it had been right, that the alternative supine inaction—would have been even worse.

What did rankle, and still does, was the suddenness of the switch and the fact that allies were not consulted.

This was not the first nor the last example of American abruptness. It is a chronic failing in Washington. In

part, it is caused by the American system of government.

Washington is notorious as a place where it's hard to get decisions. So many things have to be "cleared" with so many people, often with the President himself, that it takes months. Until those decisions are taken Americans cannot consult their allies because they don't know themselves what's to be done. But after the long-awaited decision has come through (perilously late, in many cases) American officials have used up the last of their patience. They want action by tomorrow.

A case in point was the decision to rearm Germany. It hung fire in Washington for months. Once Washington got its own green light the French were expected to agree to it over the week end. They didn't, of course, but the Americans and the French were both pretty annoyed.

* * *

Other troubles, even more disturbing, also seem to be inherent in the American system.

One is the division of authority among overlapping agencies. General Marshall is Secretary of Defense; Stuart Symington is chairman of the National Security Resources Board; Charles E. Wilson has lately been appointed Director of Defense Mobilization. Nobody on earth knows, and the three men themselves do not know, where the lines of authority are drawn among them.

Another, more serious, is the pressure of Congress and the Press upon Americans in high office.

"All the leaders—Marshall, Acheson, Finletter (Air Force Secretary) and the rest—are first-class men," one observer said. "They're able, they're devoted, they're working incredible hours. But they spend two thirds of their time dealing, directly or indirectly, with Congress and the Press. That leaves one third of their time for negotiation with other departments or other governments and no time at all for thinking and planning."

One result is that planning in Washington is done at a low level of the administration and is, in the opinion of some outsiders, "fantastically bad." Ottawa is not particularly happy about our own manpower situation, but from this distance Washington looks even worse: the anomalies and ineptitudes of the U. S. draft, as now applied, make Canadians' hair rise.

Another result is that the leaders themselves take terrible punishment, and show it. Dean Acheson, for example, is as highly esteemed in Ottawa as any American living. He has, however, suffered such a martyrdom of smear and slander that he can't operate at the peak of his own great ability. Negotiators nowadays find him unaccountably rigid on points that seem to them trivial—until they remember what might happen to Acheson on Capitol Hill if he gave way.

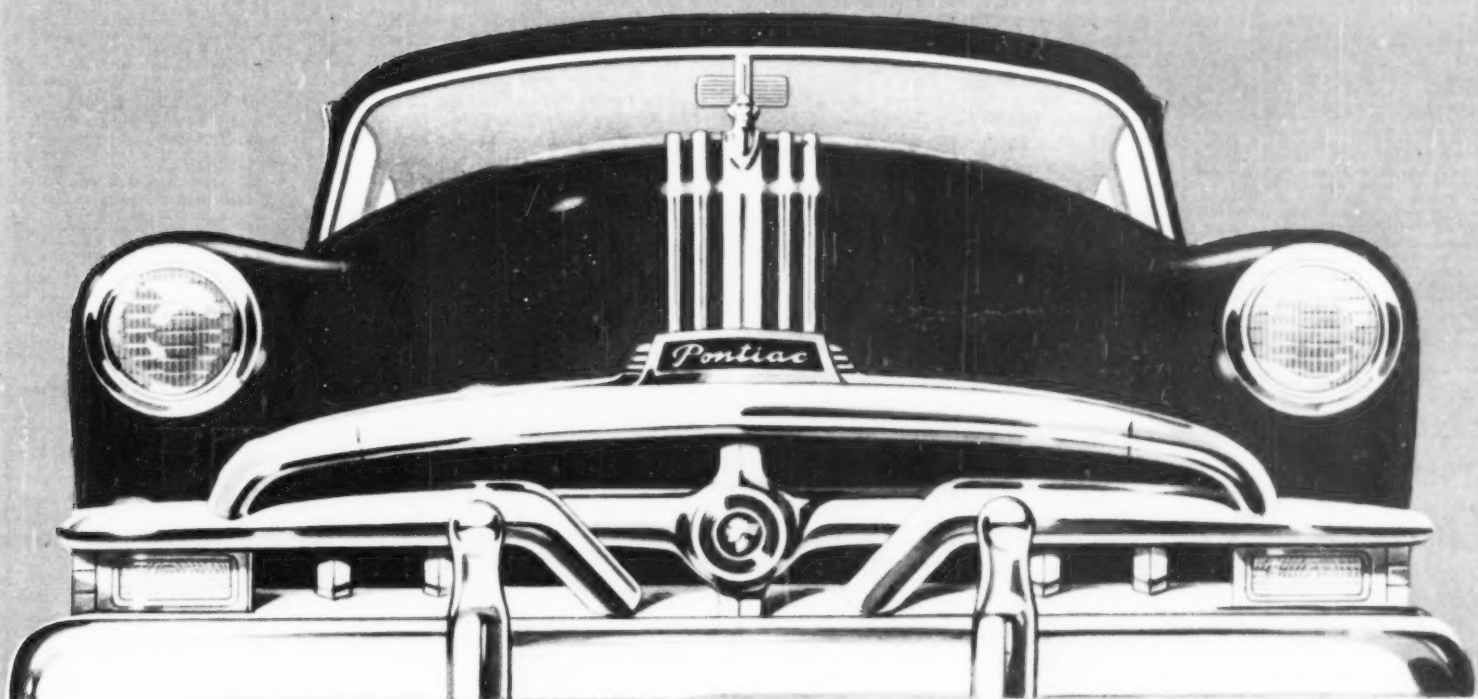
If Acheson suffered frustration and character assassination at the hands of a majority of elected representatives you might call that democracy at work. What baffles the foreigner is that this man whom outsiders regard as a great secretary of state has been ruined by a minority, a party rejected at the polls. By the curious workings of the American constitution and American politics the minority has managed to impose a large fraction of its views and policies on the elected majority.

Indeed, you might say that the most dismaying thing of all about the present U. S. administration is that it has such good men. If the men were incompetent or mediocre, that would be

Continued foot of page 52



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Look What Gayelord's Got Us Eating!

Continued from page 17

Gayelord Hauser is a licensed naturopathic, or "drugless" healer. He's six-foot-three and stands as straight as a stalk of rhubarb before it gets liquefied in one of his health cocktails. He has brown hair and eyes and is sort of ugly-handsome. He gives his age as "around 60." The exact figure is about the only thing he has kept secret in a lifetime of propounding dietary ideas and autobiography. But it has been learned that when Hauser was admitted to the German Deaconess Hospital in Chicago in 1914 he gave his age as 16. That would make him 53 today. If he has in fact added seven years to his age, it is probably the first time in human annals that anyone over 14 and under 93 has done so, and it constitutes a moving tribute to geriatrics—the science of longevity Hauser propounds. His publishers, Farrar, Strauss and Young, draw an even bigger decayed herring across the trail by stating, "Some of his followers maintain he's 75." Hauser looks 45.

"Look Younger, Live Longer" was published a year ago and was unanimously avoided by book critics. It was not advertised, promoted or selected by a book club. Hauser had published 15 previous books on his theories, 12 of them by himself. He was known, if at all, as Greta Garbo's boy-friend. The gossip writers made leering references to "Gee Gee's carrot chomper," and put Hauser down as a Los Angeles quack who took off his turban when he came east. In one year he has so thoroughly corrected this impression that actresses' press agents now use his name to get their clients mentioned in the newspapers.

After four months the book mysteriously showed on the best-seller list. Hauser convened his followers in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf in New York last June. He calls them "my People." They had to close the doors when 2,500 were crammed inside. The elevators were stopped. Three thousand would-be centenarians were left outside.

Hauser escaped to his villa at Taormina, Sicily, a beige-pink dwelling on a crag above the Mediterranean. "He hates business and work and things of that sort," says his long-time partner, a slender soft-spoken chap named Frey Brown.

When Hauser went to Rome the riot resumed with a garlic flavor. An international digest magazine had published his book in Italian and the land of *chianti* and *pasta* was going crazy over vegetable cocktails and wheat germ.

The digest poured out "Look Younger, Live Longer" in English, French, Danish, Finnish, German, Norwegian, Portuguese, Spanish and Swedish. In Paris the Duchess of Windsor, one of Hauser's disciples, was writing the introduction to the French edition.

By January of last year, when Hauser returned to New York, he was an international figure. Frey Brown was able to tell him, "The book will make a million dollars." The book trade is inclined to agree. Based on a 30-cent royalty per copy and pay from newspapers and magazines, offers from radio and television and a daily newspaper column, Hauser was about to become a millionaire. Dozens of food manufacturers waited with cheque books to have him endorse their brands. At the end of the queue stood a wistful National Doughnut Council imploring Hauser to endorse wheat germ sinkers.

Hauser's aides withered the council with a word: "Fried!"

Greta Garbo was waiting for a small \$10,000 painting of a clown by Roualt which Hauser had picked up for her in Paris. A newly purchased \$100,000 town house in New York's fashionable East Sixties was ready for him.

All in all it was a commendable rise in life for a poor boy from the Black Forest who was given up for dead at 16. The health-giver was born Helmut Eugene Benjamin Gellert Hauser in Tübingen, a university town in southern Germany. (Gayelord emerged from Gellert about 10 years ago.) His father was a professor with 13 children, of whom Helmut was No. 12.

In his teens Helmut developed TB of the hip and his father sent him to a succession of European specialists without success. An older brother, Otto, who had become a Baptist minister in Milwaukee, Wis., imported the youth for U. S. treatment. No one could arrest the disease and Helmut was pronounced incurable by the German Deaconess Hospital and sent home to Germany to die.

Took the Hangover Cure

The sick boy was eating breakfast one day in the Alps when an old family friend observed: "If you keep on eating dead foods you surely will die. Only living foods can make a living body." It was the start of a great career. The invalid began chomping bushels of living food—vegetables and fruits. The hip began to heal wonderfully. And Hauser, who today walks companions into exhaustion on his doomed leg, limped around Europe seeking living menus.

At the Dresden Sanitarium he went on a "dry diet." The first day he got nothing except dried rolls. He arose on the second day with his tongue clacking like a New Year's Eve rattle and faced two bottles of red wine—the entire diet for the day. The theory was that drying the patient out and then putting him half under—if alternated long enough—would have a happy effect on cell metabolism. Helmut awakened on the fifth day with his second king-size hang-over and decided the theory had no future.

He lurched on, ramming down whatever the theorists offered. In Merano, Italy, he tried the "grape cure" which consisted of eating fresh grapes—all you wanted—but nothing else. The 3,000th consecutive grape loomed like a cannon ball. He gave up and took the *wagon-lits* for Karlsbad's "diet cure." Three times a day he got nothing but lean meat and pitchers of mineral water. He had lost 15 pounds when destiny intervened.

In the kitchen at Karlsbad he saw a Sister Karoline making vegetable juice. By hand she was reducing carrots, lettuce and celery to liquid. To Hauser the manual implement shone like Sir Lancelot's Grail. He took off for the United States brandishing a vegetable juicer—the first to be seen there.

Jean Harlow Led the Rush

Hauser liquefied garden produce around Chicago and opened a naturopathic clinic with Frey Brown, then a skinny Nevada art student, as one of his helpers. At 50 cents a head they got so many patients Hauser decided to handle them in batches and started classes. Then they hit the road.

Hauser made local sensations by selecting an unkempt woman from the audience and showing people how awful she looked. They would take the ill-favored woman away for a 24-hour overhaul and the next night she would be produced coated with

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cosmetics, her hair done, and duked out in fashionable clothes. Hauser did not realize it but he had found the next mighty stage beyond the vegetable juicer.

In 1927 the road show surmounted the Rockies and gazed on Hollywood. Down in the valley Hauser's little band was encircled by frenzied actors clamoring to buy the one supreme asset to movie people—eternal youth. Jean Harlow was the first of Hauser's Hollywood clients. The list since then is longer than the Academy Award roster, from Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich to Virginia Mayo.

Elizabeth Arden several years later summoned Hauser and his new "Seven-Day Elimination Diet" to her Maine beauty farm. This was the first time society women had gone into cloisters for other than divorce reasons. It was novel. They came out glowing. Stories on Hauser got into the fashion papers. Elizabeth Arden felt she was being elbowed out of the act and they split up.

Hauser had founded the charm or success school. But he never followed up this lucrative discovery.

The rewards which have come to the diffident dean of diet are enough to convince anyone of the impracticality of trying to make money. Hauser would be a millionaire now—even before he collects on "Look Younger, Live Longer"—if he hadn't dispensed his money as freely as his diets. Hollywood sharpshooters found him the juiciest peasant who ever walked out of the Black Forest. He went for the bankroll on dry oil wells, lost gold mines, and appeals for a few grand till Tuesday. Once he backed a man who had invented a flax gin which was going to do for flax what Eli Whitney did for cotton. It didn't.

But the gift for giving never caught up with the talent for getting. Recently friends have insisted on solid real estate investments. Hauser found a way of losing money on the real estate by occupying all the houses he bought. He has a *schloss* in Beverley Hills, a Sicilian villa and a New York town house.

As a newspaper feature "Look Younger, Live Longer" is the most phenomenal hit in syndicate history. Turned down by the Hearst syndicate, it was later run in the New York Hearst paper. Then the Chicago Hearst paper ran it. Then came a wire from octogenarian William Randolph Hearst: "TO ALL EDITORS: RUN HAUSER." The Hearst papers promptly blazed with vitamins.

Within three months after Hauser's

best seller was established health-food shops had doubled or tripled their sales volume. Nowadays when clerks spot a new customer they automatically get down the wheat germ and the blackstrap. There are about 1,000 such stores in the U. S. and about 25 in Canada.

Hauser's works are the first cookbooks that improve your morale and read like movie magazines. He tells you how to make Duchess of Windsor Bean Soup. He dedicates recipes to Count Igor Cassini (Yogurt Tomato Juice), Leopold Stokowski (All-in-One Cocktail; nuts, wheat germ, brewer's yeast, honey, berries, bananas), Barbara Hutton (Banana Cream Shake) and Paulette Goddard (Four-Star Soya Muffins). "I served wild rice hamburgers with boiled grapefruit to Greta Garbo the first time she ate at my house," he declares.

The Garbo affair had the gossip writers in a lather. They hinted at unmentionable carrot-juice binges between Gayelord and Gee Gee. Whatever there was to it the grand passion has now cooled to mere gift-exchanging.

While "Look Younger, Live Longer" was breaking like surf over the book counters Hauser was meditating in Sicily on his next theme which will probably be on beautifying food gathered from the sea. He studied seaweed and plankton, which is the generic name for tiny animal and vegetable organisms that drift in the sea and constitute the bread of fish. Don't be surprised if Hauser soon has you eating Plankton Pie à la Prince of Monaco.

Since he discovered people who would like to live to be 100, Hauser has been popularizing geriatrics, the science of longevity pioneered by the Russian Dr. Alexander Bogolomets. His star attraction is Hiram Gale, a 105-year-old Seattle Civil War veteran who took up the Hauser teachings 10 years ago. But since Gale made 95 without Hauser it's felt that he's not a conclusive clinical exhibit.

Hauser also cites Thomas Parr, a Yorkshire farmer, as proof that diet does it. Old Parr lived to a reputed 152 years and is buried in Westminster Abbey. An autopsy showed his vital organs to be in fine shape. Hauser says: "Parr was an under-eater. His diet was largely made up of cheese, yogurt, many vegetables, and coarse dark bread made of whole wheat."

Old Parr's tombstone does not mention his menus but Hauser has elected him to join Hauser's People—even if Thomas Parr did die in 1635. ★

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"EXPORT"
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CIGARETTE

The Crisis and the Colonel

Continued from page 11

knew. You only had to give Dextraze an order once. But, as Gauvreau later remarked, "it was best if you gave the order pleasantly."

He went into action as a major and won his first D.S.O. in the withering crossfire at St. André-sur-Orne near Falaise in the summer of 1944. With a company of men he took a church full of Germans at bayonet point and held it. It had controlled 8,000 yards of front and in the fields before it two entire companies of the Black Watch lay where they had fallen, like sleeping men, a grisly testimony to the effectiveness of its defenders. Dextraze, with his leading platoon commander shot down, and his troops hesitating, leaped out in front, pipe upside down in mouth and carried the assault through.

After that they began calling him "Mad Jimmy" and "Patton Junior." As C.O. of the FMR's toward the war's end he won a bar to the D.S.O. when he talked a German general into surrendering the Dutch city of Groningen, the last big stronghold before the port cities of the north.

He drove his carrier two miles behind the enemy lines and climbed the stairs of a convent which served as German headquarters with his hands in his pockets to show he wasn't afraid. They were a strange pair: the old general, short and fat and polished, and the 24-year-old Canadian in corduroys, low shoes, peaked cap and silk scarf.

At first the German thought the Canadian had come to surrender to him. Dextraze lit a cigarette, pointedly neglected to offer the general one and gave him 15 minutes to give up. He offered to show the general his troops and the general came along. He took one look at them and surrendered. He offered Dextraze his hand. It was refused. "I felt bad for him, too," Dextraze said later.

He broke open a bottle of champagne to celebrate his victory, but with the war drawing to a close, he began to be assailed by the ludicrous and unhappy vision current at the time, of wing commanders running elevators in civilian life and young lieutenant-colonels selling shoe laces on street corners.

"What will I do on civvy street?" he asked a couple of war correspondents who were drinking with him. "What can I do?" pointing at the room littered with maps and the lethal tools of his trade. "This is all I know. I have no training for anything else."

He had no desire to go back to his \$65-a-month clerk's job and there was no new job in sight. With the smoke of Groningen turning afternoon to twilight, his future looked as dark as the debris-littered streets outside.

He went back to Canada still unsure. The best the Army could offer him was a captaincy in the Permanent Force. He asked his father what he should do. "Get out of the Army," the old man said. "You aren't cut out to be a peacetime soldier. Get out before you get thrown out."

The Singer Sewing Machine Company was looking for some bright young men for its hardwood logging operations—for sewing machine cabinets. They offered Dextraze a job at the bottom of the ladder at \$40 a week. He took it.

His father, who sometimes likes to talk in metaphor and parable, gave him some advice. "Son," he said, "don't forget your daddy walked out of the shoe trade after 23 years. Now you'll have to be like your dad. You must start building a new nest like I did. And, if you don't take time and

patience, the first windstorm you have that nest will go to pieces."

Dextraze, who had been used to having 1,000 men do his bidding, now began to take orders from others. He and his wife moved to Thurso, Que., a small company town of 2,000 people in the logging area between Montreal and Ottawa. In the city Mrs. Dextraze had been used to a maid and a car. She had been used to getting \$3,000 a year as a lieutenant-colonel's wife. Now, with her husband away for weeks and months at a time, and a new baby on the way, she found herself stoking a wood furnace in a big, old frame dwelling.

Dextraze was joe boy on the gang of timber cruisers, pulling sleighs, doing odd jobs, sleeping in the snow and shivering in the 40-below weather.

In the first year the family went through all its wartime savings. The time came when 50 cents stood between them and payday. Dextraze got leave from the company and used his army credits to take a provincial government forestry course at Duchesnay. Barely reunited with his wife, he was now separated from her again, for neither could afford to visit the other. He got so wrapped up in the course he often forgot to write her. But he finished it in half the required time and by the following winter he was foreman of hauling operations.

He dined at Ruby Foo's

He worked hard, often 20 hours a day, and learned to roll logs in the water like a veteran. His Army training helped him. He knew how to handle men and delegate authority. He treated forest fires as a military enemy, using walkie-talkie intercom, aerial recon from the company plane, scouts, and an orders group. Like a good soldier, when the fires raged, he always kept his flanks protected.

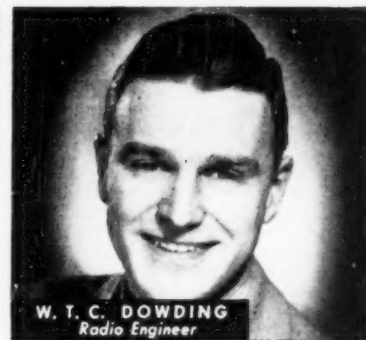
By 1948 he was woodlands manager bossing 600 men. By last summer he had everything a man could want. At Thurso the company built him a \$25,000 rent-free 10-room house finished in veneer and plywood with a living room 45 feet long and 35 feet deep. He had a new Meteor car, a company yacht and an airplane at his disposal. He had a private telephone line 50 miles into town. His heat was free and he got his food wholesale. He had a lake at his front door and a golf course at his back. There were canoes, motorboats and saddle horses at his disposal. He had a fat expense account and \$13,000 in company life insurance. When he went to Montreal with his wife on a week end he'd spend \$200 or \$300, take his friends to dine and dance at Ruby Foo's and pick up the check. In another six months he might have been general manager.

Then the North Koreans crossed the 38th parallel and the news bulletins took on the still-familiar phrases of the Army communique.

Jimmy Dextraze had never quite forgotten the Army. He had kept two closets full of training pamphlets in order and properly indexed. To keep his hand in he had drawn up a plan for the military defense of neighboring Duhamel. Now he walked the woods with a portable radio and a pocket full of maps. At night he glued his ears to the loud-speaker.

The news that Canada was to raise a volunteer force was followed by a series of insistent "unofficial" pleas from Ottawa that Lieut.-Col. Dextraze take command of a new battalion of "Van Doos."

Twice Dextraze flatly refused. He had a wife and three boys now, had survived a full year in action and won two D.S.Os. That was enough. His



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family didn't want to lose him again. The pleas continued and for two days his work suffered as he struggled with the prospect of disarranging his life again.

On one side was his family. "You can't educate kids properly on an Army salary," he told an acquaintance later. "I am an eager beaver and a guy who is ambitious. I had to go through a lot and I don't want the kids to go through it."

On the other side there was what he felt to be his duty.

He made his decision just after the 10 o'clock news on a Friday night. The radio had been full of talk about the new force and Dextraze finally turned to his wife and said: "There's no use, Françoise. I am going to be unhappy if I don't go."

They took a long walk in silence through the birches and maples and around the moonlit lake and over the golf course. Finally he turned to his wife and said: "Well, what are we going to do?"

"You'd better go," she said.

When his immediate boss heard about it he hit the roof. He felt that Dextraze was more valuable to the country in his logging job. He got to Ottawa before Dextraze did. He saw the Minister of Defense and the Minister saw the Adjutant-General and the Adjutant-General called Dextraze in and, with some humming and hawing, asked him if he were absolutely sure he wanted to go back in the Army.

"I am 30 years old," said Dextraze, "and able to make my own decisions."

The Phantom of Falaise

They gave up their home and their car, their lake and their boats and everything else. Mrs. Dextraze and the boys took a small apartment in Montreal. Her husband went off to Fort Lewis, Wash., with the Luger he took from the general at Groningen, to train his men for war. She has not seen him since. He avoided taking Christmas leave. "I have said good-bye once," he said. "I do not want to go through it all again."

Once in uniform he gave himself to the Army as completely as he had once given himself to his civilian job. The tempest of nervous energy that is in him is directed at the single stated purpose of making his soldiers the finest in the world. His feeling for his men borders on the mystical.

"My family is no more," he said recently. "Now my family is my whole bloody battalion. There's nothing counts for me else. . . . I haven't had time to write home to my wife for 12 days—she comes second now and she understands that."

He is a quick, wiry little man who seems to dart rather than walk. His eyes are dark and agile, his smile white and quick and the bones in his cheeks accent his Gallic good looks. He works 16 hours a day and more and almost every night in the week because he feels personally responsible for the life of each man under him. The sight of whole companies of dead men lying in the fields near Falaise still haunts him.

"If I spare myself today," he said recently while drinking beer with some Army friends, "then when we get into action these men will be lacking something because I spared myself. If men are killed because of that then I will have to account to Someone some day. I am the guy who's responsible. Even drinking this beer tonight I feel guilty."

A free night or a week-end leave is, to Dextraze, a cause for remorse rather than celebration. He has been known to cancel week-end excursions at the last moment and spend his Sunday

preparing the following week's training. "If you have my kind of conscience," he explains, "you always feel unhappy if you take time off."

His own personal successes have given him an unshakeable cocksureness. "If a man makes up his mind to do something and works hard at it then there's nothing can stop him," he is fond of saying. This is, in a sense, his catechism and it has worked well.

He believes that a man does not need to get killed in action if he trains himself properly and keeps mind and body alert. He himself suffered only superficial shrapnel wounds in a year at the front. Once he took out a carrier alone on patrol because his men were sleeping. The vehicle was hit by a German bazooka, but Dextraze, who is never still, had leaped from it to safety before the shot struck home.

For these reasons Dextraze drives his troops and officers almost as hard as he drives himself. He has his officers up before 6 a.m. to do P.T. "None of this good thing of getting up at 8 and quitting at 5 and putting on the service dress and forgetting the men," he has told them.

He is a strict enough disciplinarian. When the battalion arrived in the U.S. he called his troops on parade for a lecture. He told them to act like gentlemen, dress properly and refrain from going AWL or "I'm going to bat you with a big baseball bat."

"Is it all clear?" he shouted in French.

"Yes," they shouted back.

"Is there anybody here going AWL?" he shouted.

No answer.

In spite of this the occasional soldier has been picked up in such unlikely places as San Diego, Calif., and Reno, Nevada.

"It is this beautiful America, the land of plenty," Dextraze remarks, not without a certain sarcasm. He has not yet got used to the long lines of slot machines in the U.S. men's and officers' clubs which the Canadians share.

To delinquent soldiers he invariably says: "I asked you if you were going AWL that time on parade and you did not tell me," and awards stiff field punishment—nightly drill with full pack at 130 paces to the minute.

But he is fiercely and possessively proud of his troops.

In the field, with his silk scarf in the regimental colors of red, blue and yellow tucked into his tunic—a regimental "quiff" which he introduced among the officers to give his unit some individuality—his slim figure threads and darts about between his troops like a rabbit.

"Nobody can walk up and talk to my men in the field," he told an acquaintance recently. "No—not even the brigadier himself: he has to come to me first. Because I know them better than anyone. I live with them!"

This independence of spirit which has served Dextraze so well in war and in peace will continue without question to decide his future course. Should the Crisis of 1951 deepen into the Crisis of 1952 and the Army require the continued services of Lieut.-Col. Jacques Dextraze, he will proceed independently, as he always has, to follow the dictates of a conscience that is never stilled and to hew to his own clearly defined concept of duty.

"I will not quit the Army if I see it is really important to stay," he says. "But I will make that decision for myself. No matter who talks to me or what they say, I will be the sole judge."

A friend said of him not long ago: "When Jimmy makes up his mind about something no power on God's green earth can change him." ★



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London Letter — Stalin

Continued from page 4

players to return to the mess and have a drink.

Stalin has one immense advantage over Western statesmen since he can study the free newspapers of the civilized world, note the trend of political opinion, and gauge the expressed desires of the people. Stalin knows that Truman is a man of peace and that the U. S. has no desire to acquire new territories.

Equally he is aware that Great Britain has no territorial designs and is only anxious to maintain the integrity of the Empire and Commonwealth. Germany is divided into two parts and is incapable of unified thought, purpose or action. France is war weary, disillusioned and exhausted. France can never again be an aggressor.

But what do we know of Stalin's mind? The Russian parliament is simply a single-party caucus for the purpose of receiving decrees from the executive. The Soviet newspapers are party organs used for propaganda and suppression. The secret police are under the authority of the party, while the courts are a medium of party tyranny. Truth, in the full dignity of the word, does not exist in the Soviet. There is only Russian truth, just as under Hitler there was only German truth.

All revolutions run to a pattern. A man, or a group of men, overthrow the existing regime and proclaim a heaven on earth for the masses. But to meet the swift disillusion of the masses there has to be a huge army. In turn the military clique becomes a menace to the government and, to unify the country once more, the dictator government goes to war to protect its sacred soil against the pretended foreign invader.

Cunning? Or Just Cautious?

History has a monotonous habit of repeating itself, but does the Russian revolution provide an exception? The Bolsheviks seized power in 1917 and withdrew from the war against the Kaiser's Germany, only to be attacked 24 years later by Hitler's Germany. There is little doubt that in this last war Stalin was able to impregnate the army with political control. Today the thought of a military rebellion against the Kremlin must be regarded as remote.

If these deductions are correct then we must ask what Stalin expects to gain by making war against the Western world. Unlike Napoleon he does not seek glory on the battlefield. Unlike Mussolini he is not seeking colonial territories or wanting to make himself a successor to the Roman emperors.

Is there substance in the suggestion that Stalin is a fanatic who realizes that Communism in Russia can only survive if it attains power in the rest of the world? Does he visualize a war between freedom and Communism being fought out on the battlefield? If Europe is reduced to chaos and Britain pounded to a pulp then will not the despair of the people force them to accept Communism, since democratic ordered government would no longer be possible?

I do not doubt that there are men among the Russian leaders who are so fanatical in their hatred of freedom and its economic capitalist system that they would embrace death for themselves and for countless millions if it would attain the Communist ideal of world power. But I am not sure Stalin is one of them.

A few months ago in the House of

Commons Anthony Eden was winding up for us in a foreign affairs debate when he paused, and in a conversational tone, described a visit he made to the Kremlin when he was foreign secretary in the last war. Stalin had given a dinner in Eden's honor to remind his guest that many years before he was the first Western statesman to visit Russia after the revolution. At the dinner Stalin was holding forth on the blunders of Hitler in going too far, so that war became inevitable.

Just then Stalin caught Eden's eye. "I know what you are thinking," said Stalin, "but you are wrong. I shall not make the same mistakes as Hitler. I will know when to stop."

Today Eden is increasingly critical of Stalin and Soviet world policy, but he has not abandoned the belief that an understanding could be reached with the Russian dictator. The belief is not as strong as it was a year ago, but it is not dead.

It is worth remembering that Russia took no hostile action when the Berlin air lift was organized to defeat the Soviet ban on road transport, although it was an open slap on the face. Nor should we forget that when the West Berlin police were mobilized to deal with a march of the German Youth Movement from the Eastern Zone the behavior of the marchers was as mild as a collection of choir boys. Also Stalin has done no more than protest against the proposed arming of Western Germans even though it is an open breach with existing agreements.

One might say he is being cunning and merely waiting for the right moment. That indeed may be true, but at least it disposes of the theory that he is determined on war and is only waiting for a pre-text that would allow him to represent to his own people that Russia was the aggrieved party.

In fact, over the last two years he has expended vast sums of money and vast reserves of human energy in blaring "Peace! Peace! Peace!" to the outside world. Why? It could be said that it is a mere propaganda device to lull his potential victims to a false sense of security while he continued to arm for the day of battle. After all, Stalin is not ashamed to learn from Hitler who announced after each *coup* that it was the end of his territorial claims.

I do not doubt that Stalin has used his peace campaign in the hope that it would weaken the martial spirit of the West, but I think it goes deeper than that. Stalin is 71—the revolutionary who became ruler of Russia and led that country to victory, a wine not often tasted by the Muscovite. Unlike the wretched Hitler, whose vanity could only be assuaged by leading Germany to death in battle, Stalin has no unrealized ambitions. But he has his place in history to consider.

BACKSTAGE Continued from page 46

understandable. It is far more frightening to have excellent men, admired men, forced by political circumstance into courses which they themselves do not always approve.

Of course, not everyone in the administration is as highly admired as those already mentioned. There has always been and still is a lively distrust of General MacArthur. Even President Truman, however much he may be liked as a person, does not always inspire confidence as a man of judgment and balance.

Prime Minister Attlee came to Washington in December primarily to tell the President how horrified Britain had been by Truman's offhand remark that the use of atomic bombs in

History does not record many cases of men over 70 setting out to conquer the world by the sword. That is for Alexander hardly out of his teens, or Napoleon hardly out of his 20's. Nor does Stalin suffer from the morbidity of the German mind which is fascinated by the thought of the gods dying in the flames of Valhalla.

Therefore it is reasonable to deduce that Stalin does not want a war which will leave the whole world, including Russia, in a shambles of limitless destruction. If I am wrong in that deduction, and if Stalin is for war at any cost, then it must come within the next five months. But the weight of evidence is against an early war on a global scale.

It seems far more probable that Russia will continue to conduct limited hot wars and an expanding cold war. Asia supplies an infinite manoeuvring ground of mischief and it would appear that Communist China is willing to play the principal stooge. Russia will stir up wars such as the attack of North Korea against South Korea and then offer to mediate on terms that would give to Russia the same fruits as victory in the field.

Stalin Calls the Tune

There will be threatening incidents in Europe which will cause the Western world to increase its mounting expenditure on rearmament and take more and more men from industry into the armed forces while, with the cunning of the Oriental and the patience of the Slav, Stalin will try to crash the Western world economically through inflation caused by rearmament. Obviously, if Communism is ever to become a force in the Western world, the best way is to force up prices until the poor and the lowest-paid workers find life almost unendurable.

I have endeavored to delve into the dark recesses of Stalin's mind. In other words, I have played a game like those staff officers. Half of them turned themselves into Russian generals, and I have only gone one better by making myself the supreme Generalissimo and prime Minister of Russia.

One thing is obvious—Stalin is calling the tune. Stalin is setting the key and the tempo of world affairs, while the political leaders of the West respond to his baton. In the war of propaganda, the incitement of localized wars and the freezing process of the cold war, Stalin keeps the initiative.

It might be a good thing if the Western political leaders played a game of two sides and tried to pit their wits against a team representing the Politburo and the guiding genius of Stalin. If it is considered good training for staff officers it could do no harm to our politicians who seem so often to be lost in a vacuum between uncontrolled emotionalism and intellectual impotence. ★

Korea was being "considered." To this day Truman does not seem to realize what a grave mistake that was. And no sooner had the dust settled on that episode than the President wrote his famous letter to the Washington music critic who'd criticized Margaret Truman's singing. That incident, trivial in itself, caused the gravest concern in Western capitals. It was disturbing to learn that a man who carried the fate of the world in his hands had so little taste and judgment.

Much if not all of this is probably unavoidable and the rest of the world will have to get used to it. But it would help that process a lot if Americans would realize, from time to time, how difficult it can be for the rest of the world to understand. ★

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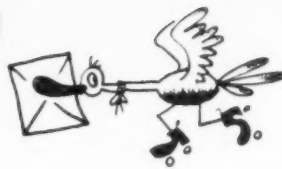
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A Tough Time For Kids — And Parents

Cheers for Maclean's and Sidney Katz for the first really intelligent and truthful article on Canada's youth! ("It's a Tough Time to be a Kid," Dec. 15). At last someone is beginning to realize that we teen-agers are not all a bunch of hoodlums and that strides are not the mark of small-time gangsters.—Joyce McPherson, Toronto.

• What's so wrong about being a kid? . . . They have everything these days except proper home environment. Parents aren't strict enough when their youngsters are really young and then wonder why teen-agers are so difficult to manage. The youngster has to be shown you demand obedience. Mrs. C. E. Shields, Toronto.

• How about making a survey of parents and getting their viewpoint on teen-agers? . . . They might throw some light on the irresponsibility and selfishness of some teen-agers.—Mrs. W. G. Gildart, Chilliwack, B.C.

• This story impressed me very much. I am ashamed to admit that there are such persons as hoodlums. But why is it that every teen-ager becomes branded as a delinquent? It isn't fair. I am sure I speak for the majority of the teen-agers across Canada when I say that while there are some teen-agers who make nuisances of themselves there are others who would appreciate a chance to prove their worth. Please don't judge Canada's future leaders by a muddled few.—J. P. Shuley, Edmonton.

• The parent versus child controversy has, in one form or another, been raging from Adam and Eve's day to the present, with the parent absolutely convinced that he or she has had a much more difficult time than the child can ever have, whereas the child is equally absolutely convinced that life's present problems are much more complex than any that ever faced the ancestors. It would seem to be characteristic of Homo Sapiens!—"Timothy Hay," Toronto.

• It appears to me that he has overlooked something. Surely, during his travels, Mr. Katz must have come across at least one teen-ager who participated in some organized form of athletics, such as hockey? The encouragement of participation in various sports can do away with much juvenile delinquency.—Earl D. Hardin, Vegreville, Alta.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE.

By — Sovfoto (page 2), Ken Bell (7), N. F. B. (8), Acme (8), Miller (9), F. Roy Kemp (9), National Defense (10, 11), Ronny Jaques (10), Malak (14, 15), John Sheldon—Black Star (16, 17), Paul Rocket-Panda (16), Farrar Straus (17), Edward A. Bollinger (18, 19), J. Arthur Rank Organization (20, 21, 22), Cover: Miller, P.A., National Defense.

Saints Inside Out

I noticed in the Jan. 1 issue an apparent error made by your cover artist, Rex Woods—the stained glass window shows the figure of a saint facing the street, which would consequently mean that worshippers inside would get a back view of this figure. May I have an explanation?—W. G. Gill, Ottawa.

• Your illustrator must have hoisted a few before setting out to study the



effect of inner light on stained glass . . . In other words, it's inside out.—"Civil Engineer," Vancouver.

Artist Woods explains the design is the same on both sides, only it's reversed (left is right) by looking at the outside.

Where Freud Left Off

Lister Sinclair's illuminating article on Sigmund Freud ("How Freud Changed Your Life," Nov. 15) omits one very important defect. Sociologists and anthropologists have shown that Freud's conceptual scheme is of little use as a means of understanding the behavior of peoples outside of Western civilization. The mental ailments which Freud sought to understand and treat are virtually non-existent among so-called "primitive" peoples. The implications of this are thus extremely important. It means that the factors producing these ailments are inherent in the social and cultural conditions of Western civilization and are not inherent in the human organism.

From the standpoint of developing a science of human behavior, Freud's explanations do not have universal validity. We must go on from where Freud left off. E. Grant Youmans, Dept. of Social Science, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Mich.

• Freud may have changed Lister Sinclair's life, but he would never change mine. Freud was an atheist, and what has an atheist to do with the soul or "psyche"?

Western psychology is very new and it is a regrettable fact that many of the medical men who are particularly attracted to the practice of psychiatry are the men who have the least understanding of the human heart and mind.—Olive S. H. Ap'John, Victoria.

• I am not aware of a shred of evidence to support the idea that James Joyce was influenced by Freud.—F. Frost, London, England.

Faith, Peace and Camouflage

I have just finished reading your editorial ("Faith, the Finest Christmas Present," Dec. 15). Allow me to express my appreciation for the best of the year.—L. Leonard Sleepe, Surrey, N.B.

• Many thanks for the editorial in the Jan. 1 issue ("Do We Need a New Word for Peace?"). I never felt so proud of any magazine as I did of Maclean's after reading it.—O. E. Bradford, Winnipeg.

• Of all the camouflage we read these days the articles on the "Stockholm Peace Appeal" are the most lunatic and damning of all and yours ("Do We Need a New Word for Peace?") is no exception. You give the Communists credit for "imagination" and "tenacity"; now extend to them just a little common sense. No nation should benefit from peace as much as Russia and her partners, and they are neither ignorant nor deceitful about the "Appeal." The King in his Christmas message said: "We must learn to love, not hate; create, not destroy."—J. S. Clearwater, Vancouver.

Overwhelmingly Overwhelmed

I was overwhelmed by the sincerity and thoroughness that J. K. Nesbitt expressed about Emily Carr ("The Genius We Laughed At," Jan. 1). I never met Miss Carr, but I know and recognize her style of painting. Her spirit must have been the primitive Churchillian kind—so overwhelmingly overwhelming.—H.W. Montsion, Montreal.

Sergeant-Major on the Carpet

Would RSM Samuel Heinrich "Look Out! Here Comes the Sergeant-Major," Jan. 1) break King's Rules and Regulations by appearing on parade wearing civilian-bought fancy leather gloves . . . or are they Army issue? . . . Tell him his belt is slack.—S. Quellan, London.

• The picture of RSM Heinrich makes him look smart and nicely turned out. (But) his medal ribbons are not worn



in accordance with dress regulations; he is wearing half-putties which to my knowledge are not authorized by the Canadian Army; and on what authority does the RSM wear two brass buttons on the cuff of his battledress blouse?—"Ubique," Kingston, Ont.

Writer McKenzie Porter answers: RSMs, like officers, buy their own gloves; half-putties (or gaiters) are okay; RSMs don't need anybody's authority to wear two (or 20) brass buttons.

Orchids for Eva-Lis

Orchids to Eva-Lis Wuorio for a clever combination of satire and compliment in "London's Rich and Ritz" (Dec. 15). Ditto to Harold Town for the sketches. W. B. Patterson, London, Ont.



WIT AND WISDOM



Biological Sport—A couple of prankish college students were studying entomology under a widely known naturalist. They caught a butterfly, a centipede, a beetle, and a grasshopper. Using the grasshopper's legs, the beetle's head, the butterfly's wings, and the centipede's body, they had assembled an unusual insect.

"We caught him in the field," they announced. "What variety of a bug is it, sir?"

After examining it with great solemnity the naturalist asked, "Did you notice whether it hummed when you caught it?"

"Yes, sir," they answered smugly.

"Well," smiled the scientist, "this is a humbug."—*The Farmer's Advocate, London.*

Take One Dose Every Sunday—What the average man seems to want is a mild, satisfying form of religion that isn't expensive and doesn't oblige him to go to church.

—*Calgary Herald.*

Between the Covers A historical novel is a book with a shapely wench on the jacket and no jacket on the shapely wench. — *Drumheller (Alta.) Mail.*

Next Question—Advertising men still are laughing about the advertisement headed "Expecting a Baby?" which appeared right next to the big announcement headed: "Nope, I'm waiting for a Nash." — *Cornerbrook (Nfld.) Western Star.*

Junket Recipe—Formula for the successful vacation: "Twice as much money as you think you're going to need and half as many clothes." — *Ottawa Citizen.*

Nutshell Knowledge—Good judgment comes from experience and experience comes from poor judgment. — *Timmins Daily Press.*

A Rose Is a Rose—"No" in 15 words. We'll place your name on file and get in touch with you if anything develops. — *Grenfell (Sask.) Sun.*

The Half-Way Peg You are suffering from middle age when you're not young enough to be fresh and not old enough to be dry. — *Saskatoon Star Phoenix.*

Tiresome Vice It is much easier for a lazy person to be good. It invariably takes quite a bit of energy to sin. — *Kingston Whig Standard.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Oh, pardon me, I thought you were my wife."

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about
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IN MONTREAL a young couple found a house in the suburbs recently which rented for less money than the apartment in which they were living, and they decided to move. But first they had a lease to consider. When they consulted their landlord he refused to let them break it or even sublet the apartment. Bleakly they told neighbors their problem but after some discussion arrived at a possible solution. They decided to throw a noisy party.

With the neighbors joining in, the party was literally a howling success. And, sure enough, the landlord sent a curt note the next day pointing

form, she hastily removed nylon scanties, flung them on the bed beside a collection of brightly hued woolies and followed the other guests downstairs.

• • •

Old John, a farmer near Cartwright, Man., drove his ancient team into town one morning and drew up in front of the general store. When they stopped, one horse was about as far ahead of the other as her harness would permit. An acquaintance greeted Old John and then observed his team.

"Not very well matched, are they, John?" he said. "One's a lot faster than the other."

Old John looked thoughtfully for a minute at the team, then replied: "Not enough to worry about though. We've come four miles and that's all she's gained."

• • •

Every year the St. Andrew's Society somewhere proclaims another victory in defense of the Haggis. This time the society in Fredericton had ordered its Haggis (recipe not available) from a Scottish firm and the shipment arrived duly by boat in Montreal.

There, according to our report, it was impounded under Trade Board regulations on food imports, and finally placed on a boat for return to Scotland. Clans to the rescue! Federal Labor Minister Milton Gregg interceded, documents were signed promising the Haggis would not be placed for public sale and the Scots, as usual, proclaimed another victory.

• • •

Women are getting smarter all the time, says a Parade scout in Victoria, pointing to the experience of a friend who bought a new car recently and drove downtown with his wife to shop. After he parked the car they arranged to meet in half an hour.

The man returned to find his wife

out that they'd violated conditions in the lease pertaining to noise and they'd have to move. Jubilant, they rushed to tell the neighbors the good news, but found them coldly unresponsive. They'd received similar notices—and had nowhere to move.

• • •

A backwoods magistrate in New Brunswick has been dispensing homespun justice for years without benefit of legal training. The story of one of his cases comes to us from an appreciative lawyer.

The magistrate was hearing a theft case and listened dutifully while counsel for the accused spoke eloquently of his client's fine character and flawless habits, ending with the customary motion that the case be dismissed for lack of evidence.

The magistrate picked up his papers, looked sternly at the courtroom and said: "Anybody second that motion?"

• • •

A young English woman who arrived in Winnipeg recently says she's still blushing over her introduction to the fact that cold weather has a lot to do with women's wear in Canada. Arriving at a tea party she was shown to the guest room where several women were removing garments that she had always considered personal and essential.

Shocked but determined to con-



waiting but the car gone. "Where's the car?" he demanded.

The wife related calmly that just as she returned to the parking place a man jumped into the car and drove off.

"But it's all right, dear," she said. "I got his license number."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Tradition Counts



The Royal Regiment of Canada

"Ready. Aye. Ready." Through many wars and under many names, the Royal Regiment of Canada has kept steadfast to their proud motto. The "Royals" were formed in 1862 as the 10th Battalion Volunteer Rifles of Canada. In '85, when known as the 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers, they won their first great battle honour by leading the famous charge at Batoche during the Northwest Rebellion. The South African War added further laurels. Throughout the First Great War the Royal Regiment of Canada continued their tradition of service by adding to their regimental colours such names as Ypres, the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele, The Hindenburg Line and, above all, Mount Sorrel, a battle remembered by the Regiment each year on "Sorrel Day." The "Royals" received their present name in 1939 following their amalgamation with the Toronto Regiment three years earlier. During World War II the Royal Regiment of Canada maintained their traditions at the immortal raid on Dieppe and in the fighting from Normandy north to the Netherlands and the Rhineland. Proud of their glorious past, the "Royals" are one of Canada's honoured regiments in which . . . TRADITION COUNTS.



This illustration shows a private of the "Royals" in the uniform of 1866. A full colour reproduction, suitable for framing, may be obtained free by writing to—

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